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SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

MRS. J. M. F., MEDIUM.

October 28th, M. S. 35.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

I come to you through a surging power. It seems as if every avenue was blocked up with human intelligences. The spirit power is increasing through this accumulation of people; and judging from my experience in life, I am willing to say that soon you will come in such close communion with invisible forces, that it will be as though you and they were one. Now, how few individuals understand the full import of the complete unity of embodied and disembodied spirits. I see that there are none who fully understand what kind of relation that would be. I am anxious to promulgate the truth in every quarter of the globe; I am anxious for men and women to make a truer condition unto themselves. Heretofore, men have made laws so arbitrary, that it was impossible for the human organization, controlled by spirit, to obey them. It seems as though restraint has been the cause of making considerable havoc in the relations of the human family. What is so beautiful, and what brings the most happiness to the individual? It is that which is entirely free from restraint; and so long as individuals make arbitrary laws to govern their lives, so long their mistakes will be many—so long men and women will crucify themselves simply to conform to some other individual's opinion, it matters not how erroneous that opinion in itself may be. I feel this morning as if the heavens were pouring out a sunshine so bright—so beautiful—that it would illuminate every human organization, to a knowledge of better things, and make men and women, what, within themselves, they so strongly desire to be. We are working—toiling—in the direction of elevation. We do not call ourselves redeemers—we do not call ourselves authority—but we give our knowledge of experiences, and ask individuals to investigate their own experiences and draw conclusions therefrom. Life is eternal, and if the blossom or fruit is bright and beautiful, its capacity for good is greater, and the greatest good is none too good for striving humanity. I am but a spirit identity, yet represent, perhaps, the ideas of a large class of spirits; and I naturally affiliate with that which is grand and beautiful. My life, perhaps, made a condition for me to do so, and anything I am, was dependent on conditions. I wish it was possible to make the world a beautiful garden, filled with perfume and nourishment for every human soul. It is with the desire to bring things to a fulfillment, that you see the avenues filling up with intelligent minds, presenting ideas to men, that they may see and understand what their lives really are. Heretofore, condemnation has been the only sentiment that held the human mind. To-day let it be admiration for the symmetry and beauty of the human organization, and its adaptability to circumstances and conditions; and as all life is useful—as all life is productive of good—let no one use the condemning spirit towards another. "Bow down from your lofty position and lift broken humanity up," is the watchword of the intelligences that are working to-day. I am nearly done with the control, or at least unable longer to hold the instrument, as I would wish; and since there is a possibility of making a mistake, it is wise for me to loosen my hold upon the medium, and give somebody else the opportunity. [Please state who it is that communicates.] William Wilberforce.

[We take the following concerning Wilberforce from the American Cyclopaedia.—Ed.]

"William Wilberforce, an English philanthropist, born in Hull, Aug. 24th, 1759, died in London, July 29th, 1833. He was educated at Cambridge, and elected to parliament in 1780, and held a seat there until 1825. In the session of 1788, he proposed a plan for purifying county elections by establishing a registry of freeholders, and holding the poll at several places at once. This measure was incorporated in the reform bill of 1832. Early in 1787 he aided in establishing a society for the reformation of manners. Thomas Clarkson entreated him to exert himself in favor of the abolition of the slave trade, and soon after the meeting of parliament in 1787 he gave notice of his purpose to call the attention of the house to the subject; but in consequence of ill health and other hindrances, it was not until 1791 that he moved for leave to bring in a bill to prevent further importation of African negroes into the British colonies. He continued to press it until his retirement. Just before his death the emancipation act was passed. He published a practical view of the prevailing religious systems of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country, contrasted with real Christianity ("1797; translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and German), many essays and pamphlets, and a volume of family prayers. His works were largely devoted to charity. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and a statue was erected there to his memory."

DEBORAH WILMARTH.
(Manchester, England.)

GOOD MORNING:—I am all burning up with fever. But this is not my body, for I used to be larger and stronger, and capable of doing a great

deal of work. I used to spin for a living, and was very active in my department, and had scarcely any time to think of anything else, because it took all my time to gain a subsistence through my labor. I have for a long time wondered what people came here for, every week, and seemed to have such a happy look when they went away; and I have thought if there was anything that would do me any good, I would go along and learn what it was. I see now there is something that I do not exactly understand. But I am talking, and I am what the world calls dead. I do not quite understand all of it, but the man says that it is only the spirit that acts through the body that possesses intelligence and the power to do and to act. If that is the case, and judging from the way I am doing, it must be, I would like to come here often. [You must come when you have the opportunity.] I am getting strong. I haven't any fever now, and I would like to get well. [You will be well.] Then I will be able to do as much as ever. [You are well now, if you would only think so.] Do you know I have come a good ways from home to talk a little? [Tell us where your home was.] Well, I guess I had better tell you my name first. It is not a pretty one, but that don't make much difference. Deborah Wilmarth. I lived in Manchester, England. [We are very glad to have had you come here this morning.] Well, I am glad I came. I came out of curiosity—seeing so many come, and go away looking so happy. [You will be happy, too.] I feel real cool and pleasant now. [When you go back to spirit life, you can help your friends there by telling them they can throw off the old earthly feelings that continued with them after they left the body.] Would you like me to tell you how we have been doing? Well, we have a hospital, and we are all lying in it, waiting for a doctor, and no one comes, and we get sick and tired of waiting. Ques.—Who seems to have charge of the hospital? Ans.—You stay just as you are all the time, and you don't get any better, and they call themselves doctors, and they make us stay and take their medicines. Ques.—Are they allopaths or homeopaths? Ans.—All kinds of paths. This is better than the hospital, because here they do not make you stay in bed. [You go back and turn up Jack amongst them.] I will do it. There have been some here who did not make complaint. Why, there won't be any need of a hospital now. There is a good old man who says he is making it possible for all of us to come. [That is Dr. Franklin.] Yes, and he says true electricity is life, and life don't need medicine, and I am glad of it. I am going away, and I am not going to take any more medicine. You don't know how good I am beginning to feel.

ROBESPIERRE.

Perhaps if you could see me as I really look to myself, you would not allow me to hold this beautiful organization for a moment; but as it seems to be a channel through which even bad men can come and gain something for themselves and others, I ask you not to object. [Not at all. We make no objection.] Now, I do not feel, while I stand here, like destroying human life, or allowing my prejudices to wipe out of existence any portion of the nobility; but, as I hold this organization, I begin to understand some things that perplexed me in the past; that is, why I revelled in the destruction of beautiful organized beings—why it contributed to my happiness, and made me almost a fiend incarnate? I say I begin to understand. It seems that I, too, was an instrument, not to construct and beautify, but to destroy and abuse the power I possessed; and I wish to say to you that the world never knew me as I really was, because I did not understand myself. But you can place yourself in my position, looking at the down-trodden masses of humanity—seeing their struggles for subsistence—and not understanding the forces that existed—it was natural for me to be prejudiced against beauty and a condition of beauty. And then, when I understood that the people who had been borne down into the very depths of poverty and degradation, had let loose their forces, they found a good guide in me. I am not here to say that I regret what I could not help, but I am here to say to you that you are to-day placed in a position that there is no real necessity for you to take the power in your hands, and destroy beautiful-organized beings, and may it never arise; and from my knowledge and experience, I know it never will. What have I in common with you to-day—what? That I must come here and give you some idea of my life? It is this. I am an identity and must necessarily learn how to live, and how to lift others up out of the seething, trying elements of discord. I feel to-day as if a great yoke was torn from my shoulders, and that I would be able to join hands with those whom I destroyed, to make society understand that each way that rolls over it, in time will be used for the elevating and perfecting of the human race. I am not what I seem to you. But one thing I will say; if I see a frail human organization in danger of destruction, in the future, my forces will be used for its protection. I, knowing that I committed deeds that make many noble hearts sad to-day, feel it was a necessity of the times and conditions. The hour has come when such necessities must cease to exist—when men and women must become brothers and sisters—and when, by elevating others, they elevate themselves. My philosophy to-day is, "tyranny to none." Ques.—What society of the future? Ans.—Robespierre.

[We take the following account of Robespierre, from Thomas's Dictionary of Biography.—Ed.]

"Maximilian Marie Isidore Robespierre, a French demagogue and Jacobin, was born at Arras on the 6th of May, 1758. He was sent to the College of Arras, from which he passed in 1770 to the College of Louis le Grand, in Paris. His habits at college were studious and regular. He studied law, acquired some distinction as an advocate at Arras, and was sent to the States-General in May, 1789, as one of the sixteen representatives of the province Artois. He was a person of small stature, and had nothing attractive or imposing in his aspect. His voice was weak, his complexion 'sea-green,' his disposition reserved and timid, and his moral habits temperate and regular. According to M. Etienne Dumont, he had a sinister aspect, and a continual blinking of the eyes. In political opinions he was a radical Democrat. He spoke often in the Constituent Assembly and in the Jacobin Club, over which he soon acquired a predominant influence. While men of greater talents wasted their energies in vain efforts to reform the old regime by half-way measures and temporising expedients, he seems to have perceived the necessity of a radical revolution. 'He will go far,' says Mirabeau, 'for he believes all he says.'

"In the Constituent Assembly, he maintained a position somewhat independent of party. He defended with zeal the interests of the inferior clergy, advocating the abolition of the death-penalty, (May 1791,) and made a vehement speech against the re-election of the members of the Constituent Assembly to the Legislative Assembly, on which question he differed from the other chiefs of the Left. On critical occasions he usually presented himself to the people as a resigned and devoted victim whom nefarious persons designed to immolate because he loved the people too well. Thus, after he had denounced the king, the ministry, etc., June 21, 1791, he said, 'I know that I sharpen against myself a thousand daggers; but if in the first stage of the Revolution, when I was scarcely known in the National Assembly, I offered my life as a sacrifice to truth, now that the approbation of my fellow-citizens has rewarded me for this sacrifice, I should receive almost as a benefit a death which shall prevent me from witnessing the public calamities which I foresee to be inevitable.' In December, 1791, he opposed in a speech the declaration of war against the Emperor of Germany, which was proposed by the Girondists. Although not a great orator, he was always plausible, and more logical than most of his competitors. He never took an active or open part in the violent acts and outrages of the populace, such as the attack on the Tuileries, August, 1792.

"In September, 1792, he was elected to the Convention as a deputy from Paris. A few days after session began, several Girondist deputies accused him of aspiring to a dictatorship, and cast on him the responsibility of the recent massacre in the prisons of Paris. These charges were repeated by Louvet in a long speech, (October 20,) to which Robespierre read an artful and successful defence. The result of this affair was that Robespierre became the accepted chief of the Mountain and the implacable enemy of the Girondists. The first victim of his unscrupulous policy was the king, whom the Girondists wished to save. He said, (Dec. 2, 1792,) 'I pronounce with regret this fatal truth; but Louis must die that the country may live.' Aided by the commune of Paris and the mob, he triumphed over the Girondists about June 1, 1793. Then began the Reign of Terror, during which, as president of the committee of public safety, Robespierre exercised almost unlimited power. Two of his partisans, Couthon and Saint-Just, were associated with him in the triumvirate of Robespierre. It is just to admit that they defended France with great vigor and ability against the allied armies of nearly all Europe, and the Vandean royalist insurgents.

"In March, 1794, Hebert and the Hebertists, were guillotined as ultra-revolutionary. It is stated that when the committee of public safety determined to destroy Danton and his friends, Robespierre at first opposed the measure; but he supported by a speech in the Convention, Saint-Just's motion for their arrest, and Danton, with Desmoullins and others, was executed in April, 1794. But the death of a powerful rival did not render his own position secure. His statesmanship was not adequate to solve the enigma of the Revolution. He presided as high priest, and pronounced an oration at a public ceremony, called the Festival of the Supreme Being, in June, 1794. In the meantime, multitudes of innocent persons, of both sexes, perished daily by the guillotine. This excessive cruelty, provoked against him a combination of various parties, afterwards called 'Thermidorians,' including Tallien, Barras, Billaud-Varennes, Fouché, and Carnot. The Convention ordered the arrest of Robespierre on the 9th Thermidor. His partisans rallied in the night and released him from arrest. He was then declared an outlaw by the Convention, and was guillotined, with twenty of his partisans, on the 10th Thermidor (28th of July,) 1794. He was surmised to be corruptible, because he was proof against pecuniary temptations. 'Robespierre,' says Macaulay, in his article on Barere, 'was a vain, envious and suspicious man, with a hard heart, weak nerves, and a gloomy temper. But we cannot with truth deny that he was, in the vulgar sense of the word, disinterested, that his private life was correct, or that he was sincerely

zealous for his own system of politics and morals."

[Such was the man whose spirit so clearly explains what his biographers have failed to understand. After reading that communication, who will think as unfavorably of Robespierre, as they had done before. His hatred of the nobility and gentry of France, was not the expression of an innate cruelty of disposition, but, his indignation at the wrongs and sufferings of the masses at the hands of the favored few.—Ed.]

ROBERT EMMET.

The air is impregnated with that beautiful force—liberty. How is it possible for the human soul to stand and look to the coming future, and not gain a ray of sunshine from the prospect? Individuals live and die, and men worship their memories, perhaps, years in the future; and it is well that it is thus. Men, however, never could fulfil their destiny, if they received nothing but adoration and respect; and every condition of perfection makes the soul well up and say, "Give me freedom, or give me death." The chains of tyranny grow so strong that the soul of the noble man must give expression to his thoughts. It matters not in what direction he may move, or what course he may take, the truth comes ever uppermost. To-day, I live in the hearts of men of mind, and a general sympathy goes out in the direction of liberating the human mind. When I gave utterance to thoughts, hopes and desires, I was controlled and held in closer subjection than you are to-day. You have expanded and grown. Could I have seen for my country the condition you possess, I, at one time, would have called it freedom. But, to-day, I see that you are yet held in the coils of men who have not your highest interests at heart. I see you conforming to rules and regulations that are irksome to an independent spirit, and that very condition will produce in the future your entire freedom. Life is so full of events—each one forcing the other—that it seems impossible for an individual not to show the impress of the result of these forces. But, to-day, the military are all buoyant and bright—strong in their hopes and desires. They feel that they represent a country that is free from the tyrants' yoke. [The parade of the Grand Army of the Republic was passing near at the time to the music of drum and fife.] Yet, as they march, moved and controlled by some individual, they are stronger bound in the shackles than they know of. Let the world move on till it reaches a condition where no militia is needed. All men know by their own souls, the desire of others for protection, and from that the forces will become so just that no one will have to fight the battles for another. I am moving in that direction. Blood and carnage is not a condition to make complete happiness; and we all know by past experiences that it leaves sad and aching hearts by the thousands, unable to make a condition of freedom for themselves. I am not fluent with words, not being accustomed to the organization I use; but let me say to you as men and women, use your energies to the best purpose, and that is, to liberating the human mind from prejudice and superstition; and then, instead of gloom and darkness, there will be a glow of light pervade the lives of men and women, where sorrow cannot enter. Ques.—Whence it that speaks? Ans.—Robert Emmet.

[We take the following concerning Robert Emmet, from the American Cyclopaedia.—Ed.]

"Robert Emmet, an Irish revolutionist, born in Dublin in 1780, hanged in the same city, Sept. 20, 1803. He gained high honors at Trinity College, from which he was ultimately expelled for avowing himself a republican. He joined the association of United Irishmen, whose object was to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and to establish an independent republic, and he was implicated in the rebellion of 1798. After the failure of this attempt he escaped to France, returned secretly to Dublin, in 1802, reorganized the malcontents, established various depots of powder and fire-arms in different parts of the city, and fixed upon July 23, 1803, as the time to seize the castle and the arsenal of Dublin. On the evening of that day he directed the distribution of pikes among the assembled conspirators, to whom he delivered an animated harangue. The insurgent band, marching with cheers into the principal street, and swelling into an immense and furious mob, assassinated Chief Justice Kilwardin, who was passing in his carriage; but they hesitated to follow their enthusiastic leader to the castle, and dispersed at the first volley from a small party of soldiers. Emmet escaped to the Wicklow mountains. After the failure of the first blow he checked the other movements which had been projected, husbanding his resources in the hope of soon renewing the revolt. He might have evaded the pursuit of the government, but an attachment for Miss Curran, the daughter of the celebrated barrister, induced him to return to Dublin, to bid her farewell before leaving the country. He was tracked, apprehended, tried and convicted of high treason. He defended his own cause, delivering an address to the judge and jury of remarkable eloquence and pathos, met his fate with courage, and won general admiration for the purity and loftiness of his motives. His fate and that of Miss Curran are the subjects of two of the finest of Moore's Irish melodies."

[The communication is perfectly characteristic

of this eloquent and zealous friend of human liberty.—Ep.]

WILLIAM PENN.

(The Founder of Pennsylvania.)

It would be reasonable to suppose that I would have an interest in the events of this week. Seeing that men die, but are not forgotten, I realize how important it is for each returning spirit to give correct statements concerning themselves. In watching the events of this week, I find that the people of this independent government have no idea of the realities of the conditions that existed two hundred years ago. It looks pleasant to see the lavish expenditure of means—to see men and women enjoying themselves over an event that happened over two hundred years ago; but, in looking upon it, I understand that there is a vast difference between the substance and the shadow. It was perhaps the first step in paving the way to existing conditions; and as, perhaps, I am the individual most spoken of, and as from every direction the words come, "If William Penn could understand the changes that have been made since his landing, what would he think?" As William Penn does see and understand the progress that has been made, he is willing to say what he thinks. I say to you that the stride that has been made in two hundred years is an evidence of what is possible in the next two hundred years. When I landed on these shores, if an individual had presented himself to me and portrayed just one-half the advance or progress that society has since made, I would have felt justified in having him confined in a lunatic asylum. Now, I wish to convey to every human mind this one idea, that I have never ceased to exist—never ceased to follow up the interests of this country; and many times I have felt as if my labor had almost gone for nought; not but that the arts and sciences have reached a point that men cannot realize themselves. What has not satisfied my soul, is, to see the arbitrary conditions that a government founded on principles of justice have made for humanity to conform to. Seeing this, I feel like stepping somewhere in their midst and telling them what to do. It seems that in making beautiful and luxurious things for the human eye to behold, they have forgotten one important fact, and that is, that it is not possible for humanity to struggle on, in old dilapidated conditions, while everything else around them becomes new. I am willing to admit that the religious element has grown out of some of its conservative forces, but men and women do not seem to take into consideration that it is possible to be progressive in the direction of their religious or social conditions; and when I look upon this one part of society, I feel ready, within myself, to give utterance to words that perhaps will not be agreeable to the majority to hear. You have grown too frivolous, and too careless of your true condition. That is nothing but the truth. The evidence before you [referring to the bi-centennial pageantry] shows that to be a fact. Now, let the next two hundred years show something better and grander for humanity than what exists today. Let us, in less than fifty years from this, standing as we do, day after day by your sides, see a condition entirely different from that which exists now—a condition that will make men and women happier than they are at the present time. And how are you to accomplish this important result? Of that I am willing to give my ideas, and let the world judge of them for itself. Now, I was subject to conditions, and obeyed them implicitly, and have always been an earnest worker in the direction of what I conceived to be right. From this hour on, after given the country a cheer, by celebrating my landing here, take up the conditions of humanity, and see what you really need to make you happy. Most people suffer more through being unable to see things just as other people see them, or as other people wish them to see them, than from any other cause. Now, I would ask the people of America, in particular, to take home to themselves this one important principle. Be true to the convictions of your own souls, and when the light enters in, do not in any way hold it back. You think, perhaps, that you are making progress; but let me say to you that there is not a household in this beautiful country but what some member of it has an idea of that influence which comes from the shores of another world, and it is by their smothering and crushing out this light, and appearing to people as they are not—that you seem to make so little progress in producing this new condition in society. I ask such to throw down the barriers and not confine their thoughts to old rules and regulations; but to come out free and independent, and be themselves in very truth. I am not dead, nor old, although two centuries have rolled by; and if the people think my memory is worth taking up a century hence, I will be with them as I am now, watching every step they may take in advance and knowledge. I wish before I depart, to say to you that some men worship my memory, and attribute to me perfections that I did not possess, while others look upon me as nothing more than a conservative bigot. These opinions of me make no difference with me in regard to them; but it will make a difference to them, when the hour of reckoning comes, if they allow themselves to imitate me in any particular, and lose their own identity in their labors. Now, I do not say that I am going to leave you and depart to worlds unknown; for I ever work and struggle with the masses, and will try to make conditions for humanity to be better, purer, and truer to themselves. Ques.—May we have the pleasure of taking your hand? [Shaking hands with the spirit, and said, We are only too happy to have had you come. He replied: I felt it a necessity to come. [We take this account of Wm. Penn from Chambers' Encyclopedia.—Ed.]

Wm. Penn, a celebrated English Quaker and philanthropist, the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, was the son of Sir William Penn, an eminent English admiral, and was born at London, 24th October 1644. His early years were spent partly in Essex and partly in Ireland, where his father had several estates. Penn studied at Christ Church, Oxford, and while here was converted to Quakerism by the preaching of a disciple of George Fox, named Thomas Loe. His enthusiasm for his new faith assumed a pugnacious form. Not only did he object to attend the service of the Church of England, and to wear the surplice of a student—both of which he considered eminently papistical—but, along with some companions who had also become Quakers, he attacked several of his fellow students, and tore the obnoxious robes from their backs. For this unseemly procedure, Penn was expelled from the

University. His father was so excessively annoyed at his conduct, that he gave Penn a beating, and turned him out of doors; but he soon afterwards mollified, and sent his son to travel on the continent, in the hope that change of scene and the gaiety of French life would change the bent of his mind. They failed, however, to effect this, but the youth certainly acquired a grace and suavity of address, that he did not before possess. In 1666, the admiral sent him to Ireland to look after his estates in the County of Cork, which Penn did to his father's complete satisfaction; for in matters of business, he was as practical an Englishman as in religion he was an out-and-out mystic. In the city of Cork, however, he again fell in with Thomas Loe, and for attending a Quaker meeting was, along with some others, imprisoned by the mayor, but was immediately afterwards released on appealing to the lord president of the Council of Munster, who was personally acquainted with him. On his return to England, Penn and his father again quarrelled, because the 'conscience' of the former would not allow him to take off his hat to anybody—not even to the king, the Duke of York, or the admiral himself. Penn was again turned out of doors by his perhaps testy, but assuredly provoked parent. The mother, however, stepped in, and smoothed the matter so far, that Penn was allowed to return home, and the admiral even exerted his influence with the government to wink at the son's attendance at the illegal conventicles of the Quakers, which nothing would induce him to give up. In 1688, however, he was thrown into the Tower, on account of a publication entitled, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," in which he attacked the ordinary doctrines of the Trinity, God's 'satisfaction' in the death of Christ, and justification by the imputation of Christ's righteousness. While in prison he wrote the most famous and popular of his books, "No Cross, no Crown," and "Innocency with her Open Face," a vindication of himself, which contributed to his liberation, which was obtained through the influence of the Duke of York. In September 1670, Admiral Penn died, leaving his son an estate of 1500 pounds a year, together with claims upon the government for 16,000 pounds. In 1671, the upright but incorrigible secretary, was again committed to the Tower for preaching, and as he would not take an oath at his trial, he was sent to Newgate for six months. Here he wrote his treatises; one of them entitled, "The Great Cause of Liberty of Conscience," in an admirable defence of the doctrine of toleration. After regaining his liberty he visited Holland and Germany, along with Fox and Barclay, for the advancement of Quakerism. The Countess Palatine Elizabeth, the granddaughter of James I., showed him particular favor. On his return, he married, in the beginning of 1672, Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett, and for some years thereafter continued to propagate, by preaching and writing, the doctrines of his sect. Circumstances having turned his attention to the New World, he, in 1681, obtained from the crown, in lieu of his military claim upon it, a grant of the territory now forming the State of Pennsylvania. Penn wanted to call it Sylvania, on account of its forests; but the king (Charles II.) good humoredly insisted on the prefix Penn. His great desire was to establish a home for his co-religionists in the distant West, where they might preach and practice their convictions in unmolested peace. Penn, with several friends, sailed for the Delaware in August 1682, was well received by the settlers, and on the 30th of November held his famous interview with the Indian tribes, under a large elm tree at Shackamaxon, now Kensington. He next planned and named the city of Philadelphia, and for two years governed the colony in the wisest, most benevolent, and liberal manner. Not only Quakers, but persecuted members of other religious sects, sought refuge in his new colony, where from the first, the principle of toleration was established by law. Having called the colonists together, he gave the infant state a constitution in twenty-four articles. Towards the end of the reign of Charles II., Penn returned to England to exert himself in favor of his persecuted brethren at home. His influence with James II.—an old friend of his father's—was so great, that many people then, and some even yet, do not feel quite satisfied about the nature of their relations; but the suspicion that he allowed himself to be used as a tool by the court is really not justified by any known facts. It is possible, for his position was equivocal, but it is not proven, and Lord Macaulay—who has urged the view of his complicity in some of the disgraceful incidents that followed Monmouth's rebellion—with an ungracious animosity—has been convicted of haste and inaccuracy in several important particulars. At any rate, his exertion in favor of the Quakers was so successful, that in 1686, a proclamation was issued to release all persons imprisoned on account of their religious opinions, and more than 1200 Quakers were set free. In April following, James issued an edict for the repeal of all religious tests and penalties, but the mass of Non-conformists mistrusted his sincerity, and refused to avail themselves of it. After the accession of the Prince of Orange as William III., Penn was twice accused of treason, and of corresponding with the exiled monarch, but was acquitted. In 1690, he was arrested on a charge of conspiracy, but was again acquitted. Nevertheless, in the following year the charge was renewed. Nothing appears to have been done for some time, but Penn at last, through the kindly offices of his friends, Locke, Tillotson, and others, had the matter thoroughly investigated, and he was finally and honorably acquitted, November 1693. Shortly after, his wife died, but in less than two years he married again. His second wife, Hannah Callowhill, was a Bristol lady. In 1699, he paid a second visit to the New World, and found Pennsylvania in a prosperous condition. His stay, which lasted two years, was marked by many useful measures, and by efforts to ameliorate the condition of both the Indians and Negroes. Penn departed for England towards the end of 1701, leaving the management of his affairs to a Quaker agent named Ford, whose villainy virtually ruined Penn. When the rogue died, he left to his widow and son, false claims against his master, and these were so ruthlessly pressed, that Penn allowed himself to be thrown into the Fleet in 1708, to avoid extortion. His friends afterwards procured his release, but not till his constitution was fatally injured. Penn died at Ruscombe, in Berkshire, July 30, 1718. He left issue by both marriages. Upon the Penn controversy it is unnecessary further to enter."

JACOB KERN.

(Easton, Pennsylvania.)

Why! I do not see Jesus Christ. Ques.—Did

you think to see him here? Ans.—They said if I came here I would be saved. If any of you is Jesus Christ, he does not look like I thought he did. [We cannot save any person here, but we open the way for them to save themselves.] That is the way, is it? [Yes; through your own effort.] Why! I thought I made an effort. If praying and singing and doing everything people said I should, amounted to anything, I would have seen Jesus Christ long ago. Ques.—Did you belong to church? Ans.—Of course I did. I belonged to the Methodists. Ques.—Have you met your clergymen over there? Ans.—Yes. Ques.—What do they tell you? Ans.—They say I must have faith and believe. That is, what they tell me; but somehow I happened to get a little outside one time, and a man told me if I came here I would see Jesus Christ. Now I am here and I don't see him. Ques.—You realize then that this search for Christ is a thing not to be accomplished? Ans.—I feel just right enough here; I don't know that I want to see Christ. If I am alive and can do pretty much as I please, what is the use of hunting him up? Now, then, being as I am here, I want to try and do a little for some other folks that have been praying and singing and looking, expecting to be lifted right up above anybody else, and fall right into the arms of the Redeemer, since they are dead. [That is where the trouble is. People are trying to help themselves while others are permitted to sink.] I begin to see it. I tell you there are a number of Methodist clergymen, who have kept us away from people who do not believe in divinity. I begin to understand. I will go right into camp, for they have a big camp meeting there, and if I don't play some pranks there it will be queer. I will do my duty and get some of the rest to act. I will tell them I have found Christ, the same as I was told. I expect they had fun in getting me to come here, but I am wide awake than they think. Still there is something about the Methodist society that is in their favor. It don't make any difference whether you know anything or not; you can go through the formalities and be a brother or sister without much trouble. In that way it is much better than those societies in which you have to look rich, because it takes in everybody. Now, I tell you I know what real, true Christianity is; and I want to ask you a question. Will you answer me? Don't you think there is a principle somewhere, that if lived up to, will make people happy? [There are a great many principles, which, if lived up to, will make people happy. The one that will make them happier than all others, is an earnest effort to make others happy. That is the truest principle any one can adopt.] Well, then, I will advise all to adopt it as soon as possible. I feel faint. [You will not after you leave the medium.] I came pretty near fainting. Say I am Jacob Kern, from Easton, Pa.

ELIZABETH LOCKHART.
(Emporium, Penna.)

I have been for a long time, wanting to come. I saw others speaking, and doing things that seemed very pleasant to me, knowing as I did what the result was to be. But as I am not very strong, and it is with difficulty I talk, I will try to hold my strength until I have said what I wish; and that is, that I would like everybody to understand Spiritualism as well as I do, and better, because it is something that will cause people to have confidence in themselves, and make them less unjust to others. I have met with some very beautiful conditions in spirit life and it would be impossible for me to explain to you all the pleasure I have had in a very short time. One thing seems to come before me in a way that is wonderful in itself, that is, there are very few people living and relying on themselves, because there is no one but who, at times, is controlled by departed spirits. It does not matter how strong and well they may seem to be, if they for a moment lose their positiveness, some positive force takes hold of them, and uses them to perform some labor they (the spirits) have left undone while in their own organizations. I am not at all surprised at my condition of weakness, but I know that when I lose control of the medium, that I will gain untold strength, and be able to take life up, where I left it before disease fastened on my organization. You may think, perhaps, this, in some way, injures the medium, but it is nothing that will be lasting or injurious to her in any way, that I can see, or I would have hesitated to come; and when I leave, I will get strength from her that I could not obtain in any other way. Now, I may, perhaps, be taxing you more than is just, but I feel so anxious for everybody to know that they are acted upon sometimes; and there are many things that they seem to regret the most, that they are not really accountable for. The only way to grow out of any unnatural element is for people to understand that they are subjected to these influences, and to try to make every condition true, pure and noble; and this will not only make a pleasant condition for themselves, but when spirits return and control their organizations, if they have been weak or in any way licentious, they will gain strength from the medium to resist such inclinations, that will last them through all eternity. This is a beautiful law but so few people understand it. I see that everybody who believes in Spiritualism does not understand the magnitude and beauty of spirit control. [You have not told us who you are.] Elizabeth Lockhart, Emporium, Pennsylvania. If I get stronger I will be able to give you a more intelligent account of these things.

NED KINNEY.
(Bellefonte, Penna.)

J.—C.—This is a H— of a way to get back. My G— this beats the Jews all hollow. I'll tell you what brought me here. That lady is up from my way, and they all said, Ned, now is your time; and a H— of a time I'm having. Ques. Where did you come from? Ans. From Bellefonte; and you may think, because I use scriptural phrases that I am not a very good kind of a man, but I am about as good as they make them, I think, in some respects; because I have found out that if one uses scriptural phrases a little out of place, that does not hurt anybody—does not harm any individual; and if some of the saints would use them a little as I do, they would not have such long faces on in heaven. I liked music and I would like to parade. [He heard the procession of the Grand Army of the Republic passing.] It seems to me you are sitting here taking it quite easy while there is such a commotion outside. Do you know that there was a lot of us who followed a company of the soldiers here. But this is a new kind of military. Isn't it.

I don't know, however, but that I like it about as well as any other I have ever met with. Don't you forget to put my name down—Ned Kinney. Ques. What was your business? Ans. I rolled logs sometimes. It was a general lifting and rolling of logs with me. And I have friends, I want you to know. They don't stay there all the time. They will say, "If Ned Kinney has got back it is a queer thing," and you may hear from them, for they will want to know the truth about it. I would make a H— of a fist rolling logs now, wouldn't I? [As he said this he looked at the medium's hands and arms.] It seems when God made the world, he gave all the substance to some and none to others. Ques. Did you like fire-water? Ans. That is a question to ask a man who used to roll logs! He would take to that as natural as a duck to water. Ques. You do not find that it sent you to hell? Ans. If I have any brains, that will burn them out. People make a thing to destroy the human mind, and then condemn them for using it. Ques. How do you spend your time in spirit life—rolling logs? Ans. No, I have better business than that. I go round among the girls. Now I am afraid you will think I am bad, because I use scriptural phrases. As to education I never had any. How could you expect me to do better than I did? I had brains enough, but it is like a piece of machinery. If you don't use it in the right direction it will run out and get good-for-nothing. Do you know I feel all the time as if I was on a log going down in the water. [Your coming will give the medium the strength that the lady spirit deprived her of; and most likely, it is for that purpose you are brought here.] I don't know about that. Only I know I got in. But I have been so d—dly fooled that I would not believe it until I knew it. I tell you one thing. I do not think God was just, when he did not give her (the medium) more bone and sinew. But there is some other kind of bone and sinew here—more than I ever possessed. Now I am not a learned orator, but I feel just as good as if I was. And I expect I will have to go away and give some one else a chance. [You go back, and teach those poor girls you have been around after, and those long-faced saints, where the truths lie.] I tell you, if you have a jewel, and lock it up in a box, it don't do you or anybody else any good; and that is the way with some of those saints.

AN UNNAMED SPIRIT.

I wish to say to you, Mr. Editor, that I have come to answer a question, by consent of the controlling forces. [We had asked the guide of the medium as to how the spirits, with Mrs. F., viewed the book called "Oahspe, or the New Bible.—Ed.] And in doing this I feel myself highly honored. You spoke of an impression that you have felt in regard to a certain book, but that you still hesitate to give your opinion of it. Now I say to you, that you possess mediumistic powers, and after receiving an impression from spirits embodied or disembodied, lay your own prejudices aside as far as possible, and the most positive conclusion you come to will be correct. You have a discriminating power, but occasionally you are controlled by influences that hold back your power of discrimination, as it were, and it does not act, and you are misled sometimes through that means; but if you sit down quietly, not attracting positive or negative forces, and take hold of a book and read it through, not rapidly, but carefully, and after reading a page or two pages, lay the book down in your hand, and then weigh the impressions you get very carefully, to see if they are correct, and your conclusions will be right. You must be lost, though, to all surroundings; and in this instance you have positive evidence that your views of that book are in the right direction. Let me say one thing to you in particular. Hereafter, in reading anything that emanates from, or comes through a medium, it will not make any difference how popular or good the medium may be, if in any way tends to subject the human mind to a condition of religion, or the formalities of a religion, you may set that down as intended for the enslavement of man. That is just where the matter, in this instance, stands. Now I, as an individual, have no right to say anything to you, or put any book before you, that bears with it the design to lead you from your own individuality. You understand this. I am not condemning, for there are many listening to me. The spirit world is full of ignorant and degraded beings, and it matters not how pure the channel is, occasionally, they try in their smooth way to place the shackles on the minds of others. They may not be as strong as some, but they put them on the people and hold them. That is their object. But I want you to understand, that there are influences that have learned enough to know that individuals must be themselves, to have a perfect condition in life. That is, it does not matter to you how this lady worships God, nor how she feels inclined, as long as she does not trespass upon your rights. She has a right to pursue her own inclinations. We do not want any more religion. We want common sense, and I think you will help the latter by your criticisms of that book. [Please tell us who it is that is speaking.] I was requested to come by Benjamin Franklin, and he said I need not give my name, but merely say I was an acquaintance of his, and not of the most reputable character. [We will not ask for the name.]

CHARLES PEALE.

Once more I have power to speak and give thoughts to men and women in the beautiful City of Brotherly Love. Now, I think it is well that this great celebration should be. It brings up the old with the new, and it always was a pleasure for me to gather together the works of the past. You make conditions for society to see and understand how individuals lived and did, years and years ago. Now, when the time comes for us to do our work effectively, we hope to do a great deal for you, in the way of what has been begun in the past. The human mind is so filled either with the appreciation or condemnation of individuals who have existed, that it seems impossible for any one to come to a just conclusion in regard to any person that ever lived. All history is written for or against individuals or nations, through the prejudices existing for or against the individual or nation. Now, there has been nothing so corrupt that it had not some good in it; and nothing so perfect but that you may discover some flaw or evil in it. Now that all these exist for a purpose, is evident to every discriminating mind. No one can for a moment, study human nature as it really is, and not see the wisdom of these contending forces; and it makes no difference how many centuries you may go back, you will always find a condition that made men and women anxious

to throw off the shackles that held them, and to come into some other condition. In so doing they may have been enslaving themselves, just as much in the old as in the new. So, century after century, men have grown out of old crude conditions into something that looks perfect and sublime to the conservative mind. But, to me, seeing the great capabilities of the human family, knowing that men and women are not held in the positions they desire to be; they seem to be looking for some avenue through which they can better adapt themselves to society. I am here, to-day, wishing you success in this wonderful undertaking; and I am also willing to say, that as time rolls on I may be able to assist you materially in every direction you may move; and I hope that every earnest spirit and mortal, will work for the promulgation of the truth, and to break down superstition and tyranny. You may put my name as Charles Peale.

[We take the following concerning Charles Peale, from the American Encyclopedia.—Ed.]

"Charles Wilson Peale, an American painter, born in Chesterton, Maryland, April 16th, 1741, died in Philadelphia, Feb. 22d, 1827. He was by turns a saddler and harness maker, watch and clock maker, silver smith, dentist and lecturer. He received instructions in art from a German painter named Hesselius, and from Copley. In 1770 he visited England, and for several years was a pupil of West. Returning to America, he settled first in Annapolis and afterwards in Philadelphia, and acquired celebrity as a portrait painter. Among his works were several portraits of Washington, and a series forming the nucleus of a national portrait gallery. He commanded a company of volunteers in the battles of Trenton and Germantown, and also served in the Pennsylvania legislature. About 1785 he commenced a collection of natural curiosities in Philadelphia, founding the well known 'Peale's Museum,' in which he lectured on natural history. He aided in founding the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts."

Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher in New York City.

521 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.,
October 24th, 1882.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

I have been waiting for some one to speak comprehensively, in your independent journal, about the work inaugurated in New York City, by Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher; but as yet no one has done so, so I should like to give my view of it.

She has spoken there now, four Sundays, and I have listened to each discourse. She replies to questions in the mornings, and delivers addresses in the evenings. The questioning, so far, has been intelligent; and the answering of the widest scope, showing a breadth of mind and a comprehensiveness of understanding on the part of Mrs. F. and her inspirations, for which those who knew her years ago are, perhaps, not prepared.

I do not mean to say that Mrs. Fletcher was ever lacking in these qualifications; but her wonderful improvement, in every way, since she went to England, must strike everybody as it strikes me. I feel quite sure it is not too much to say that she stands to-day in the very front of public speakers, in all that goes to make an orator. With all the refinement and cultivation of civilization, she still feels the hollowness of their pretensions and deprecates their influences upon the people generally. It is too much with them as it is with religion. In their efforts to enforce their forms, the spirit of them is all lost, so that a thoroughly refined and cultivated man or woman is too often a nearly soulless thing. And being so, it is as she said in her evening lecture of a week ago, Sunday, a question, whether modern civilization with all its intellectual attainments, is to be preferred to the humanitarian wisdom and serene content and happiness of some of the patriarchal tribes, still to be found in the world, who have not yet eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

In other words; in all she says this one fact stands boldly out above and beyond all others:—That she believes more in the heart than in the head. In this respect her re-appearance at this particular juncture of things, before the Spiritualists of America, is a challenge to the "intellectual giants" who know nothing but what they can see and handle; and will mark an era in the evolutions of Spiritualism in the world.

I said I had heard her speak four Sundays. It is not so much what she has said in this time that makes me speak so confidently, although she has spoken the grandest and noblest as well as the simplest and most heart-touching things; but one who carefully notes the relations between them all can see she is now merely laying the foundation for an immense future work, whose base shall be a broader humanity, and whose apex shall pierce the heavens. She may not even know this, but I think she does, since, in her, the inspirations have a subject who, I believe, can comprehend of herself this most abstruse and subtle-metaphysical subject, and grasp the sublime and most far reaching scheme of human growth—always qualifying this word by saying that, with her, it relates more to the feelings and to goodness than to the mind and greatness; in other words, goodness with her is greatness in its best sense; and possessing goodness, all that goes for greatness will come after it.

And she has such an agreeable way of saying the most radical things! No matter how strong a prejudice there may be against the real facts or truths she utters, the subtlety, if I may call it so, of the method of her statement is so complete, that before the listener is aware of it, the truth has done its work; and yet this subtlety is not the result of study and premeditation, but rather that of an unconscious wisdom that sees well how to administer such dangerous doses.

A reporter of *The Graphic* says of this: "But the wonderful and the dangerous feature of all is, that the matter is delivered and all its expressions conveyed, in such matchless style that it falls like a soft strain of music on the ear, and as honey into the mouths of her audience. They don't know what she is saying, and so take the subtle and agreeable poison home with them."

I think Mrs. Fletcher, located in New York, determined to lay there the foundation for her future work, because she knew it to be the very centre of the prejudice and opposition against her. The two cities—New York and Brooklyn—are the strongholds of Bundyism, medium-smashers, and spiritual conservators, and she has set herself down there right among them as a standing challenge to and indictment of them and their methods. If she do not play the David to their Goliath, I shall be mistaken.

But after all else, this can be said of Mrs. Fletcher: It is patent to the close observer that her great power lies in her outspoken honesty of purpose and utter fearlessness of truth. What she believes she speaks, and it does not matter whether one of her hearers believes or not. In fact she takes no thought of what will be the effect of what she says, and reserving all of that to guard against the adulteration of the truth. But when to this are added all her accomplishments of speech and elegance of manner—her eloquence, enthusiasm, earnestness, sarcasm, culture, refinement, and exquisite taste, each rounded and made all the more effective by the thorough womanliness of the woman—it may be well said: she will become a power in the world.

As compared with all other speakers on the Spiritual rostrum, she is intensely practical. She deals with the every-day things of life that go so far, and yet so insensibly to make men and women what they are. The pictures she paints and the truths she demonstrates can be taken right home and woven into daily life. She does not treat her audiences to great intellectual and musty historical platitudes; but she takes care to reach down into them far enough to touch their hearts. And we all know that the great renovating power of the world lies there concealed, perhaps, rather than in convictions that may be forced home on the intellect by the cold steel of reason. And I repeat that Mrs. Fletcher's re-appearance in America, after her year's confinement in an English prison, will mark an era in Spiritualism.

Yours for the truth, lead where it may.

J. H. BLOOD.

[And this is the medium whom John C. Bundy and his supple-kneed followers in England and America would have ruined by their falsehoods and slanders! "Ever the right comes uppermost and ever is justice done."—Ed.]

Dr. Dobson's Liberal Offer.

For the purpose of extending the circulation of MIND AND MATTER, I make the following offer to any person sending me \$1.25 and two 3-cent stamps they will receive MIND AND MATTER for six months, and I will answer ten questions of any kind and examine any diseased person free (by independent slate writing). Send lock of hair, state age and sex and leading symptoms.

Maquoketa, Iowa. DR. A. B. DOBSON.

A New Proposition to Subscribers for "Mind and Matter."

All persons subscribing for MIND AND MATTER for six months or more will be entitled to one of the following propositions, viz.: I will inform them whether they are *obsessed* or not, in most cases, who by, giving name and description of the spirit or spirits, whether they are embodied or disembodied, and the cure and prevention of the same; or, will describe their spiritual condition, telling them what phase of mediumship they possess, if any, and the best manner to pursue for development; or will forward one "Magnetic Treatment" for the speedy relief and cure of disease; or, will give you a brief delineation of character; or, answer three questions pertaining to business. Any person accepting either proposition is required to forward a lock of hair, age, sex, own handwriting, and a note from MIND AND MATTER, entitling them, to the same, and three three-cent stamps.

Dr. J. BONNEY, Controlling Spirit.
Address all letters to Dr. B. F. Brown, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, (MIND AND MATTER.)

An Appeal to the Kind-hearted as Liberal Friends of Progress.

During the great flood in the Mississippi Valley, I was drowned out, lost nearly everything we possessed, including all my outstanding accounts, and after fourteen days of exposure and suffering was taken out, reaching Vicksburg, where I was taken violently sick, and for six weeks confined to my bed; but now I am so far recovered as to attend to some business. My spirit band inform me that plenty of business is in store for me very soon; but we are destitute and without any means of sustaining ourselves (wife and self), until I can make a start.

Now, if some of the liberal souls will aid me by sending whatever amount they feel that they can, I will announce the same in MIND AND MATTER, and carefully keep your name and address and repay you as fast as I can after getting started in business. I do hope you will feel like helping me at once. Of the vast amount of donations from the North, I am told "they are all distributed and there is nothing for you."

To those responding to this my urgent appeal we will be ever grateful, as it will be the means of placing me in a field of usefulness to others.

Yours in the cause of truth and progress.

Dr. J. W. WOODWORTH, Healing Medium.

CIRCULAR.

To the Freethinkers of the United States and of Canada:

I propose to publish immediately a pamphlet containing "The Articles of Association" of "The New York State Freethinkers' Association" including its "creed" and "platform" viz: "The demands of Liberalism" the Resolutions passed at the late Watkins Convention, with the names of the officers of the Association and an alphabetical list of the members with the full Post Office address of each.

This Association, in many respects, is national in its character. Its articles of association confine its membership to no section of country and at each convention the Freethinkers of all the States and of Canada are invited to participate. And I wish to have every person in the United States and of Canada, who desires to be known as a Freethinker, (who has not already done so,) to at once unite with this Association, so that his or her name and Post Office address may appear in the pamphlet. All that is necessary to become a member, is to send your name and twenty-five cents to me. The price of the pamphlet and postage will be thirty cents.

Those who are members are requested to immediately forward to me their names written in full with their full Post Office Address. These addresses should be written very plain so that no error shall appear when published.

Now, Liberal Friends, whether you are known as Materialists, Spiritualists, Free Religionists or Agnostics, at once send in your names, that we may have a full and perfect list of the Freethinkers of the United States and of Canada.

H. L. GREEN,

Cor. Sec'y of the New York State Freethinkers Association, Salamanca, New York.

An Appeal.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 6, 1882.

J. M. ROBERTS: Dear Friend and Brother:—I beg to call attention of the charitably-disposed friends to the destitute condition of a true and worthy medium, Mrs. T. E. Evans. She has been prostrate for about ten weeks; many days without a mouthful to eat or a nicker in the house, and with three helpless children weeping by her bedside. Mrs. Evans is a genuine photographic medium. I have tested her powers in my own gallery, and can vouch for the same. She is a martyr to the cause; she must have assistance at once.

Yours truly,

No. 216 W. Market St., A. S. BYINGTON.

The manuscript for the "Freethinkers' Directory" is in the hands of the printers, but will be held open for names till Nov. 10. I shall give a full history of the organization of the Freethinkers' Association, and of the since annual conventions, and much other interesting matter. Have just had some splendid membership certificates printed for framing. So friends, help fill up the book with Freethinkers' names.

Membership, 25 cents,
Directory, 50 "

In all 66 cents. H. L. GREEN.
Address—H. L. GREEN, Salamanca, N. Y.

Special Notices.

ELLEN M. BOLLER, Eagle Park, Providence, R. I., will answer calls to lecture, wherever her services are desired.

A. W. S. ROTHERMEL is at present at 111 Myrtle street, Brooklyn, N. Y., where all communications can be addressed.

J. W. FLETCHER, the renowned Trance and Business medium, can be consulted every day but Saturday, at No. 50 W. 12th st., N. Y. city.

We do not keep any books on hand for sale, but we will order them at publisher's lowest prices for any parties desiring us to do so.

ELECTIC AND MAGNETIC SANITARIUM.—Dr. Dooley has moved his office from 16 East 7th St., to his residence, 1326 and 1328 Central St., Kansas City, Mo.

CHARLES E. WATKINS, Independent slate writer, will be in Cleveland, Ohio, from Oct. 20th, to Nov. 20th. All communications can be addressed to him there.

A. F. ACKERLY, the materializing medium, will be in Chicago on or about Nov. 1st. Business arrangements for seances through the West can be made by addressing him Chicago P. O., Ill.

DR. D. J. STANBURY, will be in Cincinnati, O., on October 29th, and Louisville, Ky., November 5th, and may be addressed at Jeffersonville, Ind., care Rev. M. D. Lee, until November 10th.

The Second Society of Spiritualists of Chicago meets at No. 55 South Ada Street, between Madison and Washington streets. Services at 10.15 A. M. Lecturer, W. J. Colville.

The Spiritualists and Mediums Meeting, (formerly at 13 Halstead St.,) now meets at Shrum's Hall, cor. of Washington and Green Sts., Chicago. Speaking, Reading and tests by Dr. Shea, Miss Mansfield and others.

MAGNETIC AND MEDICAL SANITARIUM.—Dr. J. Dooley has moved his office from 16 E. 7th st., to 1326 and 1328 Central st., Kansas City, Mo. Send for circulars for particulars, etc., to the above address.

FRANK T. RIPLEY, has settled in Terre Haute, Indiana, and he is engaged as medium for the message department of the *Mediums' Friend*, all letters can be addressed to him care of that office, N. W. Cor. 5th and Main Sts., Terre Haute, Ind.

DR. W. L. JACK, of Haverhill, Mass., can now be consulted at his residence, in Bradford, Mass., corner of Maine and Merrimack streets, (over Bridge opposite the dept.) Post-office address as usual at Haverhill, Mass.

MRS. S. E. BROWNE, spiritual medium, 671 West Lake Street, Chicago, holds seances for tests and the development of medial gifts, each Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Private tests and business sittings, daily.

To our German friends who can not read English and desire a German Spiritual publication, we would recommend the *Sprechsal Waageplatz* N. S., Leipzig, Germany. All communications to the above address will no doubt meet with prompt attention.

NOTICE.—To those afflicted with Chronic Diarrhea or Bowel complaint of any kind, no matter how long standing, I will send by mail, with full directions, a positive cure, on receipt of \$1.00 and two 3 ct. stamps. It is purely vegetable—has cured hundreds. Address, Dr. J. W. Woodworth, Vicksburg, Miss.

FRED. H. PIERCE, psychometric, clairvoyant seer, test and business medium; also trance lecturer. Box 201 Berlin, Wis. Sittings \$1.00. Mr. Pierce is duly authorized to take subscriptions for MIND AND MATTER, in Wisconsin and elsewhere, and receipt for the same. Address him at Box 201, Berlin, Wis.

PIERRE L. O. A. KEELER is at his home, Rockville Centre, Queens Co., N. Y., where all communications can be addressed to him. Mr. Keeler will devote the most of his time to independent slate-writing. He contemplates a trip South the coming winter. Any persons wishing to engage his services can address him as above.

We have on hand a supply of the "New Inspirational Songs" from C. Payson Longley, which are on sale at this office. Single songs 25 cts., or five for one dollar. We have also received a supply of the song "We'll all meet again in the Morning Land," with a fine steel plate engraving of Annie Lord Chamberlain, by Sartain. Price with engraving 35 cents.

MIND AND MATTER can be obtained in Chicago, at the book store of Pierce & Snyder, 122 Dearborn street.

Mrs. Lizzie S. Green, clairvoyant, trance and materializing medium, 309 Longworth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MRS. ANNA KIMBALL is for the present located in Peoria, Ill., lecturing for the society there. Her address is in care of I. G. Phenix, Peoria, Ill.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, will meet in Martin's Spirit Rooms, cor. of Wood and Walnut sts. Lecture—7.45 P. M. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Trance speaker. Children hour 9.45 A. M.

THE ROSICRUCIANS hold outside circles every week in St. Louis, Mo., for spiritual investigation, tests and developments. Truth loving people can obtain admission either as visitors or members, by applying to Dr. Goodwin, 1310 Spruce Street, St. Louis, Mo. Progressive papers please copy.

Dr. G. Amos Peirce, 92 Pine street, Lewiston, Maine, keeps MIND AND MATTER, *Banner of Light*, and other Spiritual papers on hand. Specimen copies free; call and get one. See seventh page for his post office address and advertisement.

THE Independent Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists of New York city, hold public meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at Frobiisher Hall, 23 East 14th street. Speakers engaged: Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher for October: J. Wm. Fletcher for December, who will give tests of spirit presence after each lecture. "MIND AND MATTER" will be on sale at all of the meetings. Alfred Weldon Prest.

We are informed that J. W. VanNamee, M. D., is rapidly recovering from his long and serious illness and has located in Guilford, Conn. Any persons desirous of availing themselves of his services in lectures, psychometric reading, or examination by lock of hair, can address him at that place. The Doctor wishes to publicly tender his thanks to all who in any way aided him in his illness, either by expressions of sympathy, or by more substantial tokens of regard. Address J. W. VanNamee, M. D., Guilford, Conn.

FACTS.

A Quarterly Magazine, published by the FACT PUBLISHING CO., P. O. Box 3539, Boston, Mass. The second number of the Magazine contains over one hundred pages, finely illustrated with full page engravings, as follows: Independent Writing in Chinese Characters on Slates, Independent Writing inside a Block of Paper, Independent Drawing on Slates in Colors. Message written in a Blank Book placed in a Stand Drawer, without contact by Eyes. Knots Tied in an endless Cord. Writing without contact on the Exposed Surface of a Slate in Daylight. Price: Single copies, 50 cents; or \$1.50 per year. Address, FACT PUBLISHING COMPANY, P. O. Box 3539, Boston, Mass.

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D. M. & NETTIE P. Fox, Editors.
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PHILADELPHIA SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

A CONFERENCE AND CIRCLE will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Thompson St. Church, below Front. Public cordially invited.

the ominous title: 'The War on Mediums.' Not a new title but, like the 'bloody shirt,' it is always inspiring—to such as have this night visited me, and to their dupes."

We have given space to this long string of scurrility, slander, falsehood, filth, and indecency, in order to show that our castigation of this despicable wretch is amply justified. The human beast who wrote that vulgar screed of personalities, would put to the blush the meanest, lowest and most contemptible penny-a-liner that ever soiled paper with his scurrility; and would disgrace the columns of the vilest publication that was ever edited for the delectation of the inhabitants of the filthiest slums. It is simply abominable to have to lay such matters before the eyes of decent and respectable persons; but in no other way can this morally and physically rotten wretch be shown up, as he really is.

We cannot but think that Luther Colby, of the *Banner of Light*, and D. M. Fox, of the *Spiritual Offering*, have, by their long forbearance with, and toleration of, John C. Bundy's abuse and misrepresentation of mediums, and of Spiritualists who have defended them, justly invited this virulent impeachment of their own claims to confidence and respect. That Bundy should charge either of them with having done anything to defend Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. Keeler, or Mrs. Reynolds, against the falsehoods published regarding them, in the Bundyite organ, is simply the quintessence of sarcasm and irony. And yet Bundy finds it to suit his purpose to appear to credit these journalists with that very proper and important work, when they in no respect deserve it. In the cases of all the mediums mentioned, they were left to fight their foes without a word of protest from the *Banner of Light*, against the conduct of the villains who were seeking to crush those mediums by falsehood and defamation, at the head of whom was John C. Bundy and the *Journal*.

And what has called down upon Messrs. Colby and Fox this flood of destruction and abuse? Simply the fact that the *Banner* and the *Offering* in a general way protested against "the movement known as the war upon Mediums," and joined in saying: "Let all true Spiritualists stand like a wall of fire between mediums and their deadly foes." We will now see what kind of "a wall of fire between mediums and their deadly foes" the *Banner* and *Offering* will present. The opportunity is before them, to show how much sincerity there is in that flourish of words. Happy indeed will we be, if they prove to be anything more than words. Let us see what the *Banner* and *Offering* have to say in defence of Mr. Bliss, against the oft-repeated groundless lie that he is a "self-confessed trickster," as his deadly foe, Bundy, alleges. What will they have to say against that coarse and cowardly reference to Mrs. Bliss? Bundy has defied them to take issue with him in that matter. Dare they accept that issue? Why has Mr. and Mrs. Bliss been thus dragged into the controversy between Bundy and Colby and Fox? Because the former had every reason to believe that the two latter could be sent "skedaddling" at the sight of an assault upon true and tried faithful mediums. The same may be said of Bundy's attack upon Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. Mr. Holmes is charged with being a forger and spirit personator, to sustain which charges there is not a particle of proof. The allegation of forgery was based upon a letter written to Dr. Childs, by one Marthese, of England, in which the latter sought to screen a medium protege of his, who was guilty of the crime, attributed falsely to Mr. Holmes. The vile conduct of this young man, subsequently, compelled Mr. Marthese to drive him forth in disgrace. Of this fact we were informed by D. D. Home, the English medium, who stated that there was every reason to believe Nelson Holmes was entirely innocent. In order to make a point against Colby and Fox, Bundy revamps that confessedly unjust slander, knowing that his antagonists dare not resent it in the interest of truth. Mr. Holmes ought to bring a criminal and civil suit against Bundy for this infamous libel. It is time to put a stop to this work of libelous defamation of mediums. It is equally false that a mask was found upon the person of Mrs. Jennie Holmes at the house of W. R. Tice. We have in our possession the written statements made by those who were present on the occasion referred to, and who were the friends of Mr. Tice, that show that statement to be false. If any one wants to bring that matter up at this time and have the facts known, all that they have to do is to make a public counter-statement of the facts. We stand ready to prove that allegation false and inexorable.

The insinuations against Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler are based upon the lying statements of a penny-a-liner on the *Boston Globe*, the Jesuit organ of that city, and were shown to be false in every essential particular, by ourself, at the time, the *Banner of Light* not only not saying or doing anything in Mr. Keeler's defence, but publicly condemning him without a hearing. Why Mr. Keeler's name should be dragged forward to make a point against the *Banner*, in this connection, we fail to see, unless to show the inconsistency of the *Banner's* present position.

But Bundy caps the climax of his infamous brutality, in his attack upon Mrs. Elsie Reynolds. Not content to repeat the clearly demonstrated falsehoods which were invented by her dishonest and jesuitical foes of Clyde, Ohio, and Brooklyn,

N. Y., to injure her as a medium, this monster of iniquity attacks her character as a woman. Baseless and cowardice may have greater bounds than Bundy's treatment of Mrs. Reynolds displays, but we do not believe it. Who that knows how the *Banner of Light* treated Mrs. Reynolds, can fail to see Bundy's irony, in pretending to think that the *Banner* did ought to protest against his vile treatment and abuse of Mrs. Reynolds?

It is in vain that Bundy seeks to justify his infernal treatment of the prominent mediums whose names he has dragged forward in this connection. Six finer mediums cannot be found in this or any other country, and the faithfulness with which they have gone on with their mediumistic work in spite of all opposition, has confounded their foes; and their successful vindication has long since been given by their spirit protectors.

Upon Col. D. M. Fox rests an especial obligation to confront John C. Bundy and compel him to either retract or make good his allegation that, "in the vernacular of the police court," he is "a confidence man." This Bundy has many times insinuated before; but never so plainly and libelously; for Col. Fox to allow this charge, so plainly made, to stand uncontradicted, must certainly prejudice him as a man and a journalist. Col. F. will be a poor wall to stand between mediums and their foes, if unable to protect himself.

The performance has begun; let the band play.

"OAHSEPE, THE NEW BIBLE"

In taking up the pen to review the above pretentious book, we are about to fulfil the promise we made our readers, when it first reached our hands. It is to us no agreeable task, and we would gladly forego its fulfilment could we do so without a disregard of our duty as an impartial and independent journalist. Books should be made for some more useful purpose than that of serving as mere merchandise. If this book can be made of use in any other way we have failed to perceive it. The editor of it, in his preface, says:

"When a man holds up a book, and says, 'You must believe this, because it says, 'Thus saith the Lord,' should we not pity that man? Does he comprehend the liberty of man to acquire knowledge?"

"Any book that imparts knowledge of the life and destiny of man, is a good book. Any book that unfolds the character and person of Jehovah, and the wonder and glory of his creations, is a good book."

"When a book gives us information of things we know not of, it should also give us a method of proving that information to be true. This book covers that ground."

"The day has arrived, when man will not accept proclamations and assertions; he wants plausible reasons or substantial proofs, that the authority be not merely a pretense, but a demonstrable fact."

"The time of man-worship is at an end; readers no longer read a book as good and great, merely because any certain one wrote it. The book must have merits of its own, otherwise it must soon pass out of existence."

"When a man says, 'I heard the voice of Jehovah saying,' that part of his speech is worthless. When he says, 'I heard the voice of Jehovah saying: 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,' then the words become valuable. His assertion of his authority is of no avail in this age of the world. The words purporting to be Jehovah's should, therefore, be the only consideration as to merit. And all men have a right to pass judgement thereon. Is it not the light of Jehovah within all men, that makes them conscious of wisdom and truth? If so, then man's expression of any truth or wisdom is Jehovah's expression."

"If a book were to fall down from the sky with Jehovah's signature to it, man would not accept the book on that account. Why, then, should anything be said about how this book was written? It blows nobody's horn; it makes no leader. It is not a destroyer of old systems or religions. It reveals a new one, adapted to this age."

There is train of inconsistencies running throughout that preface of the unnamed editor of "Oahsepe" that must strike the attention of the most superficial reader of it. This editor tells us that this book is a revelation of a new religion that is not a destroyer of old systems or religion. Well, how is any one to know that it is a revelation at all? We are not told who revealed it; to whom it was revealed; how it was revealed; or when it was revealed. We are not told whether it is a revelation of truth, or a concoction of imaginary theories; or a tissue of ingenious fiction; or what it is. We presume, according to the editor's preface, that as the purchaser of it pays his money for it, he is welcome to his choice, and he is left to regard it as he chooses.

To give the reader some idea of what this book is, we need only quote the first three verses of the volume.

"1st. After the creation of man, the Creator, Jehovah, said unto him: That thou shalt know thou art the work of My hand, I have given thee capacity for knowledge, power and dominion. This was the first era."

"2d. But man was helpless, crawling on his belly, and he understood not the voice of the Almighty. And Jehovah called his angels, who were older than the earth, and he said unto them: Go ye, raise man upright, and teach him to understand."

"3d. And the angels of heaven descended to the earth and raised man upright. And man wandered about on the earth. This was the second era."

Those are the first three verses of the department entitled "Oahsepe." We are not told why it is so called, nor the meaning of that title. It sets out with an assertion that there is not one known fact to support, to wit, that man once crawled upon his belly and continued to do so until Jehovah sent the angels to raise him upright. When "man" crawled on his belly he was not man but a

reptile necessarily, for only reptiles crawl in that manner. It is contrary to all laws of anatomical structure to suppose that man ever crawled upon his belly, and no sane person could so imagine or would so seriously assert. This assertion is necessarily a falsehood, by whomsoever made; and being false it gives a clue to the real nature of all that follows it. Who, then, is the untruthful author of that falsehood. It is either a mortal or a spirit. Which? As no mortal claims the authorship of it; and as it purports to be a revelation from Jehovah, we may reasonably infer that it is the assertion of an untruthful spirit. If that spirit is Jehovah, or any one of his subordinates, then is that spirit manifestly not worthy of belief; for any spirit who would start out with such a falsehood as that is entitled to no credence whatever, in anything he might say on his simple assertion. If Jehovah had nothing to do with that initiatory falsehood, there is no reason whatever to believe that he had anything to do with anything else that is put into his mouth throughout the volume. It is useless for any spirit, either concealed or avowed, to try to convince mankind that the "Creator" is a liar, at this time of scientific research; and yet, this is what this revealing spirit bulldozer has attempted, in using Dr. Newbrough, to put this jumble of incongruous assertions before the world as the revelation of a new religion. Nowhere throughout the volume do we find any trace of authentic authority for what is alleged, asserted or declared, nor is there any where that we can perceive, reasonable plausibility about it. The author of it who ever he is, or if more than one author, who ever they are, shows a smattering of the Brahminical, Buddhist, Chaldaic, Persian, Egyptian, Jewish Christian and Mohamedon religions, and portions of the teachings of each of these religious delusions are mingled together so as to eke out a volume called "a book of books." It is evidently the work of a mind conversant with the hierarchical policy of the priesthood of all religious systems, and habituated to dogmatizing and leading credulous minds.

We regard this book as a spirit attempt to substitute for the several myths and fables of the old religions of the Eastern hemisphere, a conglomeration of those myths and fables, by no means in an improved form as to boldness of conception or rhetorical merit. The diagrams in the work are as fantastical as the conceptions they purport to illustrate, and serve no other purpose than to display the untruthful ingenuity of the spirit author or authors. The explanations of the diagrams, when given, are as absurd as the theories and so-called natural facts which are said to be explained.

That such a book can be said to be a revelation "adapted to this age," is simply preposterous; and the wonder is that a gentleman of Dr. Newbrough's intelligence and cultivation should have allowed himself to be phycologized into regarding this specimen of spirit bull-dozing as a revelation of truth, or anything that bears even the semblance of truth.

This book must take its place with the spirit performances through Andrew J. Davis, Maria M. King, Hudson Tuttle, the author of the hollow globe, and scores of other productions as voluminous as the Oahsepe of Dr. Newbrough. No doubt understanding the modest worth of Dr. Newbrough, these spirits have satisfied him that by keeping out of sight himself, in the matter, that the world would accept this literary travesty as a revelation from Jehovah. We feel pretty sure that Dr. Newbrough will live to realize how completely he was deceived by the spirit control or controls that used him to write and publish that tissue of paraphrases on the doctrines and legends of the old religions. But ingenious as they were, they were not equal to the underfaking of inventing new names for the characters and places that figure in the ancient legends. The Jewish Jehovah is called Jehovah; Horeb is called Hored; the Greek Myths Apollo and Pan, are called earth-born Gods; the Scandinavian myth Thor also figures as a god in this "new revelation," the Egyptian Osiris, a pure myth, is also a son of Jehovah; Ormuzd the Persian myth is an earth-born God; and so on to the end of the book. Even the Christian God, is not the Creator, but the son of Jehovah merely.

It is useless to extend our criticisms further as the reader's curiosity will prompt him or her, in all probability, to see and read for themselves this specimen of spirit untruthfulness. As the volume is of no earthly use to us, we will return the copy sent us, for examination and review, with thanks to the publishers for the favor of its perusal.

ANOTHER MEDIUM ATTACKED THROUGH THE "R.-P. JOURNAL."

One E. A. Carpenter, signing himself as Corresponding Secretary First Association of Spiritualists, Franklin county, Kansas, in a letter of a column's length, in the *Journal* of last week, attempts to injure Mr. George D. Search as a medium, in a way so absurd and inexcusable that even Bundy, anxious as he is to injure all mediums, did not deign to notice it as worthy of any attention. That he should have published it, shows that he could not afford to give offence to these zealous imitators of his Bundyite methods of warring upon mediums. As a matter of course, this manifestation of petty enmity and ignorance will do Mr. Search no harm, as his mediumship has been fully demonstrated, and the manifestations of spirit intelligence and power in his presence, as no unprejudiced investigator of Spiritual phenomena

can fail to appreciate. Mr. Search did well to refuse to be dictated to by those Bundyite foes of mediums. He has learned, as have many other mediums, that it is folly to cast the pearls of Spiritual truth before Bundyite swine. Let them grunt and snort to their heart's content, it can hurt no genuine medium.

Reception to Dr. Dean Clarke.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

Since the wholly false and slanderous editorial appeared in *Light for All* insinuating that I have been employed by Mrs. Reynolds at Laurel Hall, she has given me the first and only financial aid, by opening her parlors on the evening of October 20th, for a benefit reception, where only a few of my friends assembled, and contributed the sum of \$35.65, for which I feel truly grateful. It is said that Jesus sent word to John the Baptist, as one of the evidences that he was the real Messiah, that the poor have the Gospel preached to them." If that kind office established his divinity, a similar work here by me I trust cannot justly be construed to prove me to be quite so devilish as the editor of *Light for Nobody*, would be glad to make out! I have done the best I could for truth and justice, regardless of personal interest, and to show how some noble-minded people have regarded my efforts, I enclose the following tribute of that occasion, by Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, in behalf of those assembled.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct 20th, M. S. 35.

BROTHER CLARKE:—We take this occasion to say to you, that we thank you for all we have received through your inspired lips; showing us new truths as beacon lights to progress. We deeply regret that so few, comparatively, have availed themselves of the opportunity to hear the grand instruction you have given.

God bless you! now and evermore for your independence and unswerving fidelity to principle. You will be rewarded therefore; if not in this life, then in that other life whither we are all journeying. May the shadows that surround your pathway disappear. Henceforth may you walk in paths of prosperity and peace; and may angels of wisdom and love, give utterance through you, to feed the many who are hungering for the truths of the new gospel.

We meet, dear friend and brother,
With angels from above,
To cheer you by our tokens
Of sympathy and love.

Though you have heard from Garrison
The friend of all the race;
And from noble Selden Finney,—
There's none to take his place:

Through him the inspiration
Of angels flowed so free
It seemed we stood in presence
Of Immortality.

And well may you feel chosen
This blessed truth to spread—
When such as those control thee
And strengthen by their aid.

Though some have tured against thee,
Because thou dost be true;
Grieve not! the angels bless thee—
They'll prove your friends

Adieu.

Your friend,
DEAN CLARKE.

Testimonials.

We, the undersigned, do hereby affirm, that we have used Doctor J. H. Rhodes' Vegetable Sugar Coated Lozenges, and are satisfied that they are the best anti-bilious remedy we ever used, as they reach all the various ailments for which he recommends them and many others. As a Laxative and an Alternative they are perfect. They are also a good Tonic to tone up the system.

Mrs. Sarah B. Mode, Modena, Pa.
" Maria Bayley, Yardleyville, Pa.
" Kate Bayley, Ocean City, N. J.
" Joseph Willard, 1620 South St., Philada.
" Cordelia Myers, 1702 Brown St., Philada.
" L. J. Walters, 732 Parrish St., Philada.
" Mary Ellen Van Kirk, 1702 Brown St.
" Ann Hensley, 937 Buttonwood Philada.
Mr. Sam'l Bayley, 2721 Cambridge St., Phila.
Mr. J. Willard, 1620 South St., Philada.

We might procure hundreds of names, as we have made and used in our practice, with those sold through the paper, 22,500 Lozenges during the last eighteen months, and the first dissatisfaction is yet to be heard from those using them.

When ordering, please name this paper. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the proprietor, Dr. J. H. Rhodes, 503 N. 8th St., Philada., Pa. Also at MIND AND MATTER office, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Penna. See advertisement in another column.

State Convention of Spiritualists.

Agreeably to requests that have come to us from Spiritualists living in various parts of the State, the undersigned, a committee appointed at the Tama meeting, believing that it is in accord with the desire of the Spiritualists of Iowa, unite in making the following call:

The Spiritualists of Iowa and of adjacent States, who are willing to unite with us in the organization of a State association, are requested to convene at Union Hall in the city of Ottumwa on Friday, November 17, at 3 o'clock P. M. This being a mass meeting and not a representative body, every Spiritualist is cordially invited to attend, and by causing his or her name to be entered on the records, will be at full liberty to participate in all the proceedings and become a member of the association to be formed, without reference to locality of residence. Will all who propose to attend, please forward their names by postal card or otherwise to the chairman or secretary of the committee, that as complete a roll as possible may be made prior to the time of Convention. We anticipate a large attendance, a pleasant and profitable time.

D. M. Fox, chairman; Mr. C. S. H. Sutherland, secretary; W. F. McCarroll, N. N. E. Wood, M. D., O. H. Jackson, S. B. Hewett, C. F. Weston, J. C. Batdorf, M. D., H. W. Beckett, O. G. W. Adams, A. Howell, M. Larkin, E. P. Goodue, Committee.

The above call was signed by over one hundred Spiritualists in the State of Iowa, who approve the action of the committee in making the above call for the purposes therein expressed.—*Spiritual Offering*, Ottumwa, Iowa, Oct. 28, 1882.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

A FLOWER and test circle combined, will be held every Thursday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Waterhouse, 626 S. 11th St., Philada., Pa.

A. W. S. ROTHERMEL, contemplates making a Southern tour shortly, and any parties desiring to make arrangements with him can address him for a short time at No. 111 Myrtle St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. DR. MARY J. JENNINGS, trance, test, business and healing medium, has removed to Newfield, N. J., where she will give sittings and heal the sick, in connection with Dr. Jennings. Circles every Friday evening.

We want all our subscribers to know that our papers are mailed regularly every Thursday before six o'clock, and any failure to be received on time is the fault of the post-office department, and complaints should be made to them for non delivery.

MR. F. O. MATTHEWS holds circles every evening at his residence 1223 South Sixth St., Philadelphia. Admission 15 cents. Private sittings daily from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms \$1.00. Mr. Matthews also keeps MIND AND MATTER on sale at his house, and will also take subscriptions for the same.

RALPH J. SHEAR informs us that he will hold seances at his parlors, 217 Harrison ave., Boston, Mass., every Sunday and Thursday-evenings, at 8 o'clock sharp. He is also ready for engagements in the city or vicinity, on application. Mediums can engage his parlors for business any other evenings or afternoons, on application to him at 217 Harrison ave., Boston; Mass.

We ask our friends everywhere to send us the names and address of any persons whom they think would take an interest in our publication, and we will send them sample copies at once. The spirit communications that are appearing in these columns from week to week, are worth more than money to those who duly understand the value of spirit teaching concerning the varied experiences of the spirit life.

DR. WM. B. FAHNESTOCK, Lancaster, Pa., has on hand about 200 copies of his small work upon "Statuolence and Its Uses," and makes the following generous offer. Any person sending him one years subscription to MIND AND MATTER, and one 3-ct. stamp, he will send them the book post-paid, and MIND AND MATTER for one year. Address, Wm. Baker Fahnestock, Lancaster, Pa.

L. THATCHER, of Ripon, Wisconsin, in renewing his subscription, sends us eight new subscribers, and says, the communications and historical accounts of the earth life of some of the communicating spirits, are worth more than the price of the paper. Let all our friends do likewise and sustain us in our arduous labors in giving publicity to the instructive lessons from the spirit side of life, which are now appearing weekly in MIND AND MATTER.

Mrs. LOIS WAINBROOKER informs us that the notice of Mrs. Lydia Grove, in the last number of "MIND AND MATTER," has brought her a large quantity of letters, and she desires that no more be sent, till Mrs. Grove has had time to hear from those she has answered, when, if satisfactory results are obtained, she will advertise, stating terms, etc.; otherwise, she will withdraw from publicly answering letters.

We have on hand a supply of the "Faraday Pamphlets," which should be read by everybody. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, ten cents each. No. 4, fifteen cents. We also have on hand a large lot of "Rules and Advice," by J. H. Young, including hymns and songs designed for circles—price, fifteen cents. We will supply circles with "Rules and Advice," songs included, for \$1.50 per dozen, post paid on receipt of the money.

DR. S. S. CARPENTER witnessed most remarkable and satisfactory spirit manifestations and materialization, at two of Mrs. M. E. Williams' seances, on recent occasions; at her residence, 462, W. 34th st., N. Y. As many as four of his spirit friends came on the last evening, fully materialized, and gave their names in full, referring to many little incidents unknown to the medium or any one present excepting himself. Also calling him by his full name. Others received equally absolute proof of the presence of their spirit friends.

UNION PARK HALL, 517 W. Madison St., Chicago, Illinois. Messrs. Edwin Keene and Nelson Davignon, will hold public spiritual and test circles, 7.30 P. M. Mr. Keene has wonderful powers as a trance test medium, giving names in full, and minute incidents with regard to departed friends. Mr. Davignon is an independent slate writing medium, getting convincing manifestations of spirit presence, in public audiences. Messrs. Keene and Davignon also give private sittings at their residence, 364 W. Madison Street, from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M.

DR. B. F. BROWN, of Lewiston, Maine, clairvoyant and magnetic healer, has taken rooms at 252 Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa., where he will receive patients to treat. He will also visit patients at their residences, if desired. One of his principal phases is the treatment for obsession, his guide (Dr. J. Bonney) having had remarkable success, through him, in the treatment of such cases. We advise all who are afflicted in such a manner, to call on or consult with him. Testi-

monials can be furnished of the many remarkable cures which have been effected through his organism. The Doctor has started private developing circles, arrangements for which can be made by addressing him at 252 Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We invite the readers attention to the remarkable contents of this number. We have many valuable contributions on hand which we will publish as fast as we can find room for them. When all are so valuable we do not like to specify any as more valuable than the others; but it is not invidious to mention papers from Elijah Woodworth and Dean Clark, as especially appropriate and able. The fifth volume of MIND AND MATTER, the first number of which will be issued on Nov. 25th, will be more valuable than any that have preceded it. Those who desire information concerning Spiritualism and cognate topics should not fail to subscribe for MIND AND MATTER at this time. Friends, you who know the importance of the work it is doing, do all you can to extend its circulation. The battle for truth is being fought as never before, and its friends should be up and doing.

EDWIN KEENE, the well known Philadelphia clairvoyant and test medium, and Nelson Davignon, independent slate writing medium, have left home for an extensive tour through the South and West. Their success in Chicago has been unprecedented, and they have secured the fine residence at 364 W. Madison street, where they give private sittings and receptions. They have also hired the Union Park Hall, (see advertisement) in which to hold public test circles. The medial powers of these mediums is too well known to need any puffing on our part. Any person desiring their services en route can address them at 364 W. Madison St., Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Keene is authorized to take subscriptions during his tour, for MIND AND MATTER, and receipt for the same.

[FOR MIND AND MATTER.]

A Thrilling and Remarkable Musical Seance in Rochester, N. Y., The Mecca of Spiritualism.

BY JAY CHAAPEL.

"O music! Thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary hearts of man as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over! Art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the future one?" In the language of the suffering and illustrious Jean Paul, the above was my exclamation and question, a few evenings ago, while listening at a reception tendered to Drs. K. C. and M. M. Dussenberg, on Chestnut street, by the musical mediums, Mrs. Addie M. Gage and Miss Lulu Billings of this city. I think it very fortunate that I called upon Drs. Dussenberg upon that day, for I had never heard of the mediums before that time, and I hardly know who to thank most, them, for their kind invitation to listen to the unequalled music; Mrs. Gage and Miss Billings, the finely attuned human instruments; or the gifted musical spirits who controlled them so perfectly. I am unable to make distinctions, and it is unnecessary. All the parties filled their respective positions with ability, and with a genial, smiling alacrity, giving the pleasant and intelligent company of twenty-five or thirty ladies and gentlemen many glimpses of a paradise on earth, which can be still more fully realized when men and women become so mentally and physically harmonized, that the unseen forces can come to them, and through them, in a more natural (not supernatural) manner.

After the company had arrived, and had been seated incidentally, not in a circle, and while a gentle flow of cheerful conversation was going on, the mediums glided readily, gracefully and naturally, into the trance state, and sang together, in a foreign tongue; Mrs. Gage accompanying their voices on the piano, with a delicacy of touch that would have thrown Blind Tom into ecstasies. Neither of them know beforehand what they are to sing, nor what is being sung, and when the piece is concluded, and they emerge from the trance into their normal condition, they are as anxious to learn what has been given, and the impression it has left upon their friends, as we would be to get a report of some favorite address to which we had been unable to listen. Mrs. Gage sang "Coming through the Rye" surpassingly tender and unique, and with a power that brought tears and applause from the audience. Miss Billings followed with "Way Down upon the Swanee Ribber" with equal effect. As the tones died away I was sure that the gifted and mediumistic author (Stephen Foster) of this favorite piece of music, must have been present to infuse into the dark-eyed maiden the full expression of this song, which had such an immense sale in various languages. These ladies have always resided here, are refined and intelligent gentlewomen, dignified, graceful, easy, and social in manners, and are as surprised as any one at their rare musical development, and the extraordinary perfection with which they perform the most difficult and harmonious music, in a language and style they know nothing of. They and the spirits behind them afforded me more real pleasure and food for thought than half a dozen operas. I do not disparage the opera. I have received much pleasure and instruction from operas, though they too often lack greatly in genuine music, and in natural expression, which is the real beauty of any art. This music, wafted to us on that beautiful evening from fields elysian, and by artists long since known as dead, was rendered in so cheerful and inspiring a manner as to make us forget, for a time at least, the conflicts going on everywhere in the fields of religion, philosophy and science. It made our affections lighter, gave us new hope and strength to battle with old wrong, and was in such striking contrast to the dull and somber church music, that we seemed transformed from a world ruled by church influences to one of beauty, harmony and naturalness.

To those who have only thought and read in the old formal routine of church dullness, I know it seems chimerical that these gifted ladies play and sing the finest of music without being con-

scious of it; but to those who have spent time and money, as you, and so many hundreds of thousands have, in investigating this beautiful and useful phenomena, it is as easily demonstrated and understood, as the fact that electricity is now being used to light our streets. Neither is it any more wonderful, for it is just as natural. Some one asked Mozart how he came by those magnificent lines of music and harmony, and he answered—"I saw and listened, and I seemed to hear the music; but faintly and brokenly rendered to my ears." It is so with genius everywhere. This magnetic sympathy means much more than we have been taught. Nearly all the finest effusions of genius in music, painting or poetry, have been attained in this way—this sympathy of the soul with Nature to possess her methods. Men like to chase shadows instead of truth, and so attempt to despise these laws that are as simple as the falling of the leaves in this October sunlight.

After they were done playing in a bright gaslight, some one suggested a dark seance, which was accordingly held; the medium sitting in the circle. General singing was then engaged in by the whole circle, which was of a very superior order.

One clear, powerful voice, that of a Mr. B—a business man of fine physique, who sang under control, reminded me of the soul enchanting music so often heard at Jesse Shephard's seances.

Mrs. Gage and Miss Billings were again entranced, taken to the piano, and again sang and played in a still more artistic manner, if possible. Dr. M. M. Dussenberg also gave, under spirit control, a fine poem, descriptive of "Our Spirit Home," which was as soothing to those present as the magnetic sympathy; which her and her husband throw out to those who come within their circle. Much has been said against dark circles, and they, perhaps, have proved detrimental sometimes. So have dark nights to those making long journeys. Would you abolish the night on that account? If so you would have no yellow harvests, no green fields, nor fragrant flowers. Liszt, the great composer, though not a Spiritualist, so far as I know, would often have the lights entirely extinguished, when he would play with a sublime simplicity, that made his hearers think that all the harmonies of the universe was being poured out over them; and he said, it often seemed as though Beethoven was near to inspire him, while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, as the magnificent music reverberated through the rooms.

We understand that these ladies have been heard and endorsed by Judge Stuart, Professor Appy, Chauncey Perry, members of the press, and musical critics in this city, and the skeptical ones are obliged to pronounce their performance wonderful.

They have now gone to New York city, preparatory to going before the public, and as they are open and avowed Spiritualists, and wish to use their remarkable powers to do good and advance the cause of universal progress, I hope you and the friends in Philadelphia will soon have the pleasure of hearing them, for the musical mantles of Malibran, Sontag and others seem to have fallen upon them.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1882.

Carrying the War into Africa—Grand Spirit Manifestations.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 27, 1882.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

Materialization outdone by a grand etherialization, in full gaslight, without the use of a cabinet! On Friday evening, October 13th, at 364 West Madison street, this city, I, in company with ten others, attended a seance where Edwin Keene and Nelson Davignon officiated as the mediums. The large parlors were brilliantly illuminated. Just as the clock struck eight, Messrs. Keene and Davignon came into the parlor and welcomed the guests who were fortunate enough to have received an invitation to witness one of the grandest scenes of the etherialization of spirit forms that has ever occurred through the human organism. Mr. Keene played and sang a beautiful ballad entitled "Mother rests in heaven." After singing and waiting for nearly an hour, a soft, silvery light commenced to form in the centre of the room. It appeared, at times, like soft, dry snow, or down. The audience became very much excited, when the spirit guide, through Mr. Keene, bid them be silent. Almost immediately the mist formed into a beautiful spirit lady, which the writer of this article recognized as her spirit daughter; standing in the centre of the room, in full gaslight, so plainly that I could see her beautiful eyes open and shut. The spirit remained fully ten minutes. It was so etherial that you could see through the form, and see the piano on the opposite side of the room, through it. All those present were invited to come up and examine the spirit form, which all did, with great satisfaction. When I approached it, and attempted to kiss my beloved daughter, she seemed to evaporate in the air. I cannot give you, in words, what my heart felt on beholding my loved one. After her spirit disappeared there were eight other forms that appeared in rapid succession. Four spirit forms appeared at the same time in different parts of the room, each spirit going to the side of their friends who were present. The forms floated all around the room in mid-air.

There were many skeptics present, who exclaimed: "This is truly wonderful, and the most genuine manifestation that we ever witnessed." The whole company that were entertained that evening, comprising doctors, lawyers, philosophers and literary people, join with me, in this article.

These manifestations occurred under strict test conditions. Messrs. Keene and Davignon allowed skeptics to examine the carpets, floor and furniture, so as to show them that there were no traps or paraphernalia whatever about them. I am invited this evening to attend another seance at Mr. Keene's parlors, and will write you again what occurs.

I hope God and the angels will ever bless these faithful mediums. I will say, Mr. Editor, that I am not a Spiritualist, but am a member in good standing of the Methodist Church, and a firm believer in the Christian religion; but I feel it my duty to make this statement to the world, that our loved ones can, and do visit us in this world. Hoping all who can, will go and see these mediums, and avail themselves of the opportunity of learning these facts for themselves; and that you will publish this for the good of humanity.

I remain a seeker after truth.

Mrs. C. C. Towne.
432 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

About John Buncombe, the Western Medium Maligner.

About John Buncombe—may his tribe decrease! Awoke from dreams about "the love of peace," And in his room, with a most anxious look, He saw an angel writing in a book. "What writest thou?" he asked. The angel said "I write the names of scandal-mongers dead." "And is mine one?" asked Buncombe. "Even so," The angel answered, "truth as all should know Is what Jehovah teaches men away; Falsehood and wrong were never known to pay." The angel ceased. Quoth Buncombe "write me then As one who loves to blast his fellow men." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night He came again in robes of Heavenly Light, And showed the names of scandal-mongers dead, And lo! the shameful list John Buncombe led.

FRIEND.

New York, Oct. 31, '82.

Mrs. Belle Fletcher's Seances.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

While the people of the Queen City are naturally conservative, and in a great measure old foggyish, and do not enter into the spirit of progress as the citizens in many other places, still their interest seems to be constantly increasing, and we hope that the heaven will finally leave the whole lump. The mediums are well patronized, and the weekly lectures of the Union Spiritualists are well attended.

Mr. Geer, our last lecturer, has done a noble work in our midst, and has given universal satisfaction. He is a young man, and enthusiastic in the glorious work of his calling. We hope he will go on increasing in power and usefulness. And while writing of Spiritualism, let me say that Mrs. Rahl, our good and noble inspirational medium, should never be forgotten by the friends of the cause in this city. Although not now in actual work, the noble work of the past should keep her memory green in their hearts forever.

Our dear little medium, Belle Fletcher, is doing splendidly. Her materializing seances are weekly growing in interest. They have become so popular that her large house can hardly accommodate the large throngs who gather there every two weeks. Last Friday night more than forty were present, and the manifestations, considering the time Mrs. Fletcher has been sitting for this phase of mediumship, which has been a little over two years, were absolutely remarkable. Over twenty spirits, from a tiny child to a bearded man, materialized, and were all recognized by their friends present. Mr. Stewart, a well known gentleman of this city, appeared, and his wife nearly fainted with emotion. Many of his old friends recognized him also.

Mrs. Fletcher does not advertise herself through the newspapers, or otherwise, and her success and popularity are altogether due to her merit as a medium, and to her kind and unpretending hospitality to all who enter her home. No one is capable of judging of her mediumship, who does not attend her seances; and those who remain away, miss a great opportunity for studying this phase of spirit manifestations. She is also one of our most noted test mediums and gives general satisfaction. It is a great pleasure to me to attend her seances.

K. G. WALKER.
Cincinnati, Oct. 27, 1882.

Of What Use Is It?

J. M. ROBERTS, Esq.—As we are soon to leave for South Carolina, we have but to say, that it does not require three columns to reveal the facts in regard to "Animal Magnetism," and whether it is of any use. We have simply to ask the question, viz: If men and women, and boys and girls, can cure themselves, and do all other things, that are claimed as a power by "Psychologists and Magnetizers," of what possible use can "Animal Magnetism" be to the human family? We sign our name with an M. D., because it is an honorable title, conferred by a legalized institution.

Fraternally, WM. BAKER FAHNESTOCK, M. D.

Joseph Osborn, Forney, Ind., writes:—Please find enclosed two dollars, for which continue my paper another year. "MIND AND MATTER" is the best Spiritual paper I ever read. May you ever go on in the glorious work you have undertaken, is my constant wish.

E. V. Wilson Fund—Subscription for Bonds.

We invite the attention of the many friends of the late E. V. Wilson to the following proposition, and trust they will cordially and promptly act upon it. It is a perfectly safe transaction and will enable Mrs. Wilson to save the homestead where rest the mortal remains of her parents and other friends. A good start has already been made in obtaining pledges to join in the loan, and all that is needed is a little effort to raise the whole amount. Mrs. Wilson is advised by competent real estate brokers and her lawyers that enough of the property can be sold within two years to pay off the loan, and save the homestead to her and her permanently invalid son. The prompt payment of the interest will be guaranteed by the trustee. Friends do not hold back.

Whereas, the estate of the late E. V. Wilson is in debt, and the farm of 240 acres and homestead of the family are under mortgages that must soon be paid; and, for the purpose of raising a fund to relieve the family and save the estate, it has been determined to create a loan, by issuing one hundred and sixty bonds, of one hundred dollars each, drawing interest at four per cent. per annum, and secured by a mortgage or trust deed on the said homestead and farm, to be executed to a trustee for the benefit of the bondholders, the principal of said bonds to be due on or before ten years from date; and whereas, said premises are of value sufficient to secure said bonds, and the completion of the proposed loan will enable the family to gradually extinguish the debt by selling a portion of said premises in parcels: Therefore, we do hereby agree to take, and do subscribe for the number of such bonds we have below set opposite our individual names, to be delivered to and paid for by us, at \$100 each, when all of such bonds shall have been subscribed for as aforesaid.

These subscription papers for signatures will be sent, to friends upon application to Mrs. E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Du Page Co., Illinois.

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A MEDIUM'S MEDITATIONS.

I stand alone; a midnight gloom
Hangs o'er me like a pall;
I grope my way in darkness here,
Misjudged—unknown to all.

I drift along o'er life's rough sea,
By storm and tempest tost;
I almost sink beneath the waves,
At times appearing lost.

The waves of trouble o'er me roll
Oh! heaven, help I pray;
Send but one cheering beam of light
Across my weary way.

I hold my way, unaided here
By any human hand—
The only help that I receive
Comes from the angel band.

Those angels who watch over me—
The only friends who know
The sorrows of my struggling soul,
While in this world of woe.

I strive each day to live aright,
And do my duty here,
Without one friend to say "God-speed,"
Or speak a word of cheer.

None know the force of unjust words—
How cruel is their smart!
To nature's keenly sensitive—
They pierce them like a dart.

The poison of the slanderer's tongue,
Makes old wounds bleed anew,
Of my o'erburdened weary soul,
That loves the good and true.

And when this life's last work is done—
My spirit found its rest—
No mortal here will ever know
How well I did my best.

[Those beautifully plaintive lines were written by Mrs. A. L. Cameron, of Wayland, Mich. They most naturally express the sufferings of a deeply wronged sensitive soul. God help those people who in their pride and scorn have presumed to misjudge this gentle and forbearing medium. To her we say there is one friend who sends to you "God-speed"—who has felt the smart of slanderous tongues—and who is understood by few besides the spirit friends who are ever near to guide and cheer him in his labors.—Ed.]

[FOR MIND AND MATTER.]

FORETHOUGHT AND THE JUDGMENT No. 2.

BY A. G. HOLLISTER.

That all must meet a judgment in some form, in passing out of a lower into a higher sphere of activity, light, and happiness, there is much testimony to prove. Such being the case, it needs no argument to convince the reflecting mind, that the closer one has lived to his or her honest convictions, while ever ready to receive increasing light; and the more they have labored to wisely improve their talents for usefulness, not only will they be happier and more contented here, but the shorter, and less painful, will be their trial in the judgment; and the more complete and satisfactory will be their preparation for further progress.

The following testimony of the result of mis-spent time, is reported by Hazard, as having been given by Isabella Dunlop, through J. T. Burton, a mechanical, but educated writing medium in New York City.

"Luxury and affluence surrounded me from my cradle to the grave. Great was my surprise when I awoke in a place so different from my blue and gold painted chamber—a bare void—nothing above, around, or beneath but space—wide mouthed infinitude. And there were sounds coming forever, as if the pulse of the great strata of time, were beating through the arteries of a blank. I searched with strained vision for a mote; for an infinitesimal mote. I looked to my feet to find their platform, but I stood upon nothing. I was sensible, sensitive, and quivering to the mystery. Memory brought tableaux of the whole past, and fixed them in aching colors on my brain. And yet, what memory could serve me now? For I had reared no standard, had built no house, had returned the ten talents closed up in a napkin, without a farthing of interest. What I had been, came up vividly, but what I was, was as dumb a question as the vacant expanse around me.

"I saw no man, and my spirit went up in a great cry, 'Somewhere God is; let that God curse or bless me!' Then there was a great rushing sound, as if the gates outside of space had been lifted, and activity applied. I held out my hand, and another hand was placed within it, and I followed where it led. A voice said: 'No profit no loss, but a unit,' and I was let go. I sank down an unfathomable depth, and was left in a busy place. Principles which belonged to me, attributes and talents which Nature had given me, were being arranged and set in order by two spirits, with tender looks, who called themselves, my guides. After every natural quality had been enumerated, and colored in large letters before me—every neglect of them also registered—I was left to be weighed by my own consciousness, and found myself wanting. So I became my own accuser.

"As the acme of this knowledge was attained, I saw the wasted days, the misapplication of lavish means, the selfish catering to individual appetite, while the poor I despised, the humble I scorned, the widow and orphan I visited not, the cup of cold water I offered to none in the spirit that Jesus directed. I had to take my place among the uncultivated and useless ones, and in my own mind, heart and body, for my soul's future good, work out the plan of a well spent thirty-six years, which I had lived upon earth in utter forgetfulness of the duties devolving upon me.

"But the days of my probation are over. I have risen, I am free by the law of progress through effort. Will is law, and effort is its engine. I commit these things to writing for the benefit of idlers—for the good of people who run after excesses and selfish indulgence to the ruin of their souls." A great and valuable lesson we say (though expensive to the narrator,) to all of that class who will be warned by it, and exercise sufficient forethought to shun a like fate.

The same medium, in a message signed Schuyler, Franklin, and Parker, writes: "In the passage of your soul from your body, Truth will open the pages of the past, and reveal to you the whole record of your deeds, and their uses and application, and great is the reward of him who finds his life volume embellished with pictures of loving acts."

Many facts in the experiences of the living, go to show that no impression made upon the mind, and no volition of the will, can ever be erased from the memory of the actor, unless by some

unknown provision of that overruling intelligence who formed the memory for a fixed and definite purpose, which must inevitably be fulfilled before that record can be effaced, if indeed it ever can be.

I heard Captain Bryant, the same who was employed by the United States Government, to examine and report on the condition and resources of the territory of Alaska, say in substance, that being on a whaling voyage, and in a boat that was stove by a whale, when he was afterward taken out of the water, he was completely exhausted, and while he lay on the deck of his vessel unable to speak or move, but conscious of everything that was going on around him, he saw pass before him, a representation of every act he ever did in his life.

A few years since, Lawrence Parnell, Professor of Chemistry in a Louisiana University, as related in the R. P. J. of March 20th, 1880, after electrically insulating himself, and experimenting upon animals, he employed an attendant to watch him, and subjected his brain to an electric tension of 24° and induced the trance state, wherein he was insensible to his external surroundings for twelve minutes. Among other experiences described, he says, "Memory revealed itself like the gradual illumination to perfect transparency, of a widely surrounding cloud. Then I saw and comprehended vividly and simultaneously, every act, thought, and emotion of my entire life, from the first moment of dawning consciousness in the period of infancy. The impression was that of a present and perpetual reality, in which the imperishable elements of created life were ever enlarging and progressing."

Fitz Hugh Ludlow, a "son of Pythagoras," relates as follows, the singular experience of a fellow student. "And now in the midst of the darkness, there suddenly stood a wheel like that of a lottery, surrounded by one luminous spot which illustrated all its movements. It began slowly to revolve; its rapidity grew frightful, and out of its opening flew symbols which indicated to him every minutest act of his past life—from his first unfilial disobedience in childhood up to the latest act of impropriety he had committed—all his existence flew before him like lightning in those burning emblems. Things utterly forgotten, things at the time of their first presence considered trivial—acts as small as the cutting of a willow wand, all fled by his sense in arrow flight, yet he remembered them as real incidents, and recognized their ardor in his existence."

He thus reasons upon it: "This phenomenon is one of the most striking exhibitions of the state * * of a partial sundering, for the time, of those ties which unite soul and body. That spirit should ever lose the traces of a single impression is impossible. De Quincey's comparison of it to the palimpsest manuscripts, while it is one of the most powerful that even that great genius could conceive, is not at all too much so to express the truth. We pass in dreamy musing through a grassy field; a blade of the tender herbage brushes against the foot; its impression hardly comes into consciousness; on earth it is never remembered again. But not even that slight sensation is utterly lost. The pressure of the body dulls the soul to its perception; other external experiences supplant it. But when the final awaking comes, the resurrection of the soul from its charnel in the body, the analytic finger of inevitable light shall search out that old inscription, and to the spiritual eye no deep graven record of its earthly triumph shall be clearer.

The benumbing influences of the body protect us here from much of remorse and retrospective pining. Its weight lies heavily upon the inner sense, and deadens its perception of multitudes of characters, which to be read, require acute powers of discernment. When the body is removed this barrier to the past goes also. * * Let the soul to which celestial societies and the garments they wear, are uncumbersome from the evils which he loves, stand bare in presence of the Nemesis of his past life, with the wondrous light of the New World, [the higher spirit spheres] irradiating the terrors of her countenance and all the symbols of fire and scorpion stings will but faintly image the agonies of the view."

L. A. Cahagnet, a French author describes a panoramic view of his whole life, presented before him under like conditions, and comprehended in an instant of time.

Epes Sargent wrote: "There are many things I would gladly forget, but Spiritualism shows that the only way of thrusting back into insignificance the bad, or the unwelcome, is to have a constant refreshing press of good thoughts, brave efforts for the truth, and rising sensibilities coming in as from some celestial fountain. Nothing in the memory perishes. A fearful thought, and in itself a religion, yet what absolute justice there is in the provision."

If as true and upright a man as Sargent, was troubled with unwelcome memories, what of those who have spent the best part of their lives in crime and debauchery, after they become possessed of a desire to forsake that kind of life? For men, if they keep back the memory of particular actions in the present, they carry it with them to season their present state continually, and it makes such one's life a continual warfare and struggle. And is there no remedy provided for the unfortunate, or repentant, who wish to change their lives and banish the old? We claim that there is, and we hope to be able to point it out so plain that all may understand, before we complete this essay.

The facts and testimonies adduced, with many others of like import, are given for our learning, if we have a mind to be instructed. They make it plain that the Judgment referred to by ancient seers, is no myth; neither is it an arbitrary penal arrangement, nor an afterthought of creative Intelligence consequent upon the doings of man. But that it is a primary necessity for the administration of exact justice to rational, accountable beings who are free agents, whether good or whether bad, and an orderly arrangement for adjusting the equilibrium and harmonious relations of created intelligences. It is a season of retributive justice, which comes soon or late to each individual, to correct the abuses, wrongs and mistakes of the past, and start him on a fresh probation with the advantages accruing from a knowledge of past experience, for the attainment of a superior state.

As to the grand jubilee of the Mosaic economy, when every debtor was released, every bond servant went out free, and all the land sold reverted to its original possessors to whom it had been divided by lot, or to their heirs, was designed as a check and corrective to evil tendencies, by preventing the undue accumulation of power and property in the hands of a part, at the expense of

the remainder, or of the whole body politic; and as it was designed to restore from time to time, the original status instituted by the lawgiver, that all might start anew on an equal footing, it is in some respects a faint type of what is accomplished for the individual in the judgment.

While the judgment advances, matures, and establishes the good, it is found by those who have experienced its effects, to be a wise and merciful provision for correction of errors and evils, and preventing their accumulation beyond all possible remedy. And though a painful process to transgressors, if patiently endured, its results are reformatory and life bringing. In short, it is the only avenue of advance from lower to higher circles of life, light, liberty and love.

A Test Seance in a Baptist Temple.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—As one of the notable signs of the times, I send you the following account of a remarkable physical seance which was held in Rev. Dr. Kalloch's church, a few evenings ago. Your readers are already familiar with the events that have occurred in this city through the Mediumship of Mr. Jesse Shepard. His work since he arrived here has been crowned with success. At no time in the history of Spiritualism on this coast, has the Mediumship of any one person been so signally effective among orthodox church members. Dr. Kalloch who is the pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Tabernacle, having the largest congregation in San Francisco, engaged Mr. Shepard to give a series of grand phenomenal concerts in the Temple several years ago. The concerts proved highly successful and opened the orthodox eyes of several leading members of the congregation to the fact that there are beautiful and sublime manifestations in modern Spiritualism, not to be hushed up by sneers or ridicule. When Mr. Shepard gave his grand benefit concert for the mediums defence fund, which took place in the Baptist Temple, Dr. Kalloch again became interested in the wonderful phenomena presented through this incomparable instrument of spirit-power; and requested Mr. Shepard to give him a private seance for physical and test phenomena. Mr. Shepard appointed a sitting at his rooms; the seance was given, and Dr. Kalloch expressed himself in terms of satisfaction and delight at what had been witnessed. However, the Reverend ex-mayor was bent upon knowing all he could of the mysterious workings of the invisible world, and invited Mr. Shepard to give a test, physical and independent voice seance, in his own church, and under his own management. Mr. Shepard consented. About thirty persons sat in this private seance. The piano used belonged to the church. The circle joined hands, the medium began to play the opening hymn, and every one joined in singing. Soon the guitars were moved from the table, and playing the same hymn that was being sung by the sitters—flew through the air as swift as thought. The two guitars played in different portions of the room at once—resting on the heads of every one present—from time to time. The independent voice spoke in whispers. Hebrew was spoken through Mr. Shepard, and translated, by a Rabbi who was present. This was deemed by all a fine test of spirit power, as the Hebrew was of that nature, that it could not have been learned by the medium. Brilliant lights were seen by all, as they flashed and floated over the heads of the company. But the most beautiful and unique manifestation of the evening was the playing upon the Greek harp, by Sappho. This was the phenomenon which proved such a delightful test to Dr. Kalloch. After the harp had played about the room, it rested on every person in succession, playing all the time, the most exquisite airs imaginable—so light and delicate that the tones seemed like distant echoes of music. Presently the harp came to Dr. Kalloch, who was sitting in the middle of the circle. It rested on his shoulders and on his lap and played. Three instruments kept time and played at once, the harp and two guitars, and Mr. Shepard sat at the piano playing during the entire seance. After this marvellous seance, every one congratulated Mr. Shepard on the great success of himself and control; and Dr. Kalloch offered to give Mr. Shepard the use of the Temple free, for a concert anytime he felt disposed to give one. I believe this is the first seance of the kind ever given under such orthodox circumstances.

Yours truly, JOHN WALDRON,
229 Kearney St., San Francisco, Oct. 20, 1882.

W. F. Jamieson Challenged.

OMRO, Wis., Oct. 23d, M. S. 32.

FRIEND ROBERTS:—Your paper of 21st instant received. In it I notice an extract taken from No. 2 of the Lake Pepin Gazette, published by W. F. Jamieson, and your reply to the same. Three years ago, the coming winter, Mr. Jamieson was a hired speaker at our Northern Wisconsin convention, held in this place. At that time he had not met Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood (our President, for some two or three years previously. When they had last met, Prof. Lockwood was a staunch Materialist, and Mr. Jamieson a professed Spiritualist. During the interval of time spoken of, Prof. L. had reasoned himself into becoming as firm a Spiritualist as I ever met, and Mr. Jamieson had become a Materialist. At the various sessions of said convention they had some pretty sharp tilts. Every one of the Materialists of this place acknowledged that Mr. Jamieson was badly beaten.

The result was, that Prof. Lockwood challenged Mr. Jamieson to discuss the question for as long a time as he chose. Mr. Jamieson replied, accepting the challenge, but saying he would not meet him (Prof. L.) in Omro, as he (Prof. L.) had the sympathy of the people of that place. Prof. Lockwood replied to Mr. Jamieson, saying, he would meet him anywhere and discuss the merits of the two beliefs. But Mr. Jamieson has failed thus far (and it is now nearly three years since the challenge was given) to accept.

Now, in order that Mr. Jamieson may have the opportunity to annihilate Spiritualists and Spiritualism, I hereby challenge him to meet Prof. Lockwood at our next quarterly convention, to be held at this place on the 15th, 16th and 17th of December next; and discuss the subject as they may agree to do. Or, in case of his failing to do so, let the world publish him as a braggart. If you think best, you will please publish and send Mr. Jamieson and Prof. Lockwood each a copy.

Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may. Sincerely yours well-wisher.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.

A Medium's Plea for Humanity.

LEOMINSTER, Mass., Oct. 24, 1882.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

I receive a copy every now and then, of your good and noble paper, and we take pleasure in reading it. The October number was full of good reading. I see you are ever ready to defend the mediums. Had we more who were willing to do so, there would not be so many who are crushed, and good spirit controls ruined in the early days of our mediums' development, leaving them with no health and blasted hopes. For I can tell you when the spirit world has once enkindled the genuine aspirations of our hearts, that we have a work to do which none others can do, and we have girded on the armor to be up and doing it for their sake, for humanity's sake, and for the good we hope it may bring us. Oh! how it hurts to have mortal beings not only try to retard us, but to misjudge the honest efforts of those who seek to do a work through us. I have not had so hard an experience, in this way, as many of the mediums have had; but a little taste of it has taught me to have a charity for those who are led to suffer more by a more public work.

I was much pleased with the piece written by S. W. Lincoln, Hartford, Ct., headed "Impressions of Lake Pleasant." He dares speak as he feels, in a noble, frank way. I say, if we are to have a camp meeting in Nature's grand old forest, let us have some freedom there. Do not let us feel fettered, and have to hold, as it were, in bondage, those powers which have proven to be our best advocates of truth and justice—who had ever rather work without money or price, were it not for the needful necessities of mortal beings. If we cannot have freedom, one and all, where we have been, let us look for a place where we can have it. Now, as regards old Dr. Fish and his work and motives up at Lake Pleasant, it really seemed kind and noble in him to call around him those who were sick, and heal them without money and without price; and it really seems that the mortal beings of this life ought to have made room for him as much as for some of the other gatherings of less importance.

If one is obliged to have pay every time he heals an affected being, give him his just dues; but if there are one, two, or hundreds, who can go to our camp meetings and show their different gifts free, I ask in the name of the Great Spirit and our angel guides, that they may be privileged to do so; for I do know there are many poor starving, sick and suffering mortals who go to camps hoping some good angel of light may satisfy their longing desire by sending some curative power, or by giving them some more positive proof of a life beyond. True our workers should be supported, but I do believe that we should let the good spirits guide us, and set aside the love of worldly gain. There might be, on every camp ground, more like old Dr. Fish, and room enough for them too, as we have yet much to learn.

One evening, strolling round, I passed a tent and saw a fine looking old lady and gentleman sitting all by themselves, talking. Time had left her impress on both faces, and her marks were mingled with the look of care and hardship. I really wished I was free to stop and chat with them; but I felt we were strangers, and passed on. Soon, while passing by them again, the old lady drew back the side of her tent and asked, "Do you know how W—'s child is to night? I hear she must die." I had not heard about the little sufferer, so I could not say. She seemed full of sympathy for the parents, and the little sufferer, who, she informed me, was passing on from sunstroke. Then she said, pointing to a neat cottage, "They have materialization there to-night; and oh! how we long to witness it; but we can't, we are too poor; we cannot have any one of these privileges where they ask pay, and we love it all so much. It is hard to deny ourselves, but we try and content ourselves by being barely able to be out here in the country, and receiving all we are blest with without money."

Oh! I long to see the time when no deservingly child of God's green earth shall be denied the privilege of witnessing a phase of these glorious phenomena, which shall add to the joys of this life and make the future life look more glorious to them. And I do believe, if we freely give, although oftentimes there are those who would willingly rob us, the angel world will try to repay us.

And, Bro. Roberts, when there are more like yourself, blest with the spirit of charity, there will be more good done with our God-given powers, on the camp ground, in our homes, and elsewhere. Excuse my lengthy message, but it is from the spirit promptings.

FANNIE WILDER.

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